

Prof. Jameson

DR. SUMMERS:

A LIFE-STUDY.

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Editor Christian Advocate.



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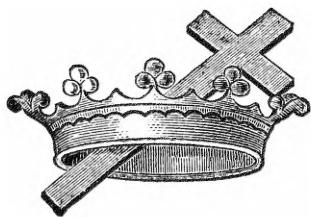
PRELIMINARY.

THIS book has been written at the request of the family of Dr. Summers and others whose opinions and wishes were entitled to my respect. My aim has been to picture the man as he was. The life of my departed friend had its sad side. Is not this true of most lives that have been notably noble and fruitful?

The supreme motive in writing the book was to glorify God, and not a man; yet it has been a labor of love. It is sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may do some good.

O. P. F.

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DR. SUMMERS.

CHAPTER I.

A BOY-BABY IS BORN.

IN a cottage on the islet of Purbeck, Dorset, England, on the 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1812, a round-headed baby-boy with bluish-gray or grayish-blue eyes first saw the light of this world. He was the child of James and Sarah Summers, and they named him Thomas Osmond, after his great-grandfather. He was not notably large or small, but he was not a commonplace baby. There never was a commonplace baby born into a family where there was mother-love. That love is the idealizer and transfigurer that on natal days fills cottage and palace alike with exultant joy, and from the first mother to the last awakens the glad song and shout, “I have gotten a man from the Lord!” Now and then a Benoni or a Jabez is born amid conditions that tune the song to the minor key; but even in

such cases deathless love and quenchless hope throw across the dark cloud of present gloom the bow of promise bright with prismatic glories.

This was a notable baby, in fact. His vitality was marvelous—he was a live baby all over and all through. The stock from which he sprung was strong and tenacious, the maternal grandfather already mentioned having lived out his threescore and ten, and then living on forty-six years longer, closing his eyes on this world after one hundred and sixteen winters had come and gone.

This was a notable because it was a noticing baby. Those round, eager, inquiring eyes, of the true Socratic cast—lobster eyes, the Greeks called them—threw wondering and searching glances around on every side; and it was plain to all that he was wide-awake when awake at all. We are not told whether he was wakeful and fretful, or sleepful and amiable, but we incline to the belief that he was a noisy and imperious little tyrant. That he was noisy, we may be very sure; his lungs were of great

power, and were never known to fail. When matters did not go to suit him, he was heard from day and night. He lived and throve, a healthy little animal, his life made up of eating, sleeping, and exercising his limbs and lungs.

These earliest days are without special record now—the voices that might have told of them are all mute, the hands that might have penned down their happenings were long ago folded across pulseless breasts. What he said and did at the start was what a million of other English boys might have said and done—except that now and then a spark of fire was struck that would have shown to him who had insight the sort of metal he was made of. We may be sure that the loving insight of the affectionate aunt saw in the boy more than was visible to other eyes.

The Summers family were “Independents” in religion—a fact not without significance. There was in them a vein of self-assertion that, as it was held in check or given rein, would make of them valiant confessors and

fierce fanatics, or rash and scornful despisers of the settled order of things.

James and Sarah Summers did not live to rear their boy. The father died when the child was a year old, and the mother when he was six. His maternal grandmother, Mrs. Cull, took charge of him with his brother and sister, both older than himself. She was a very devout member of the Independent Church. She was wont to take him into her chamber where she taught him to pray, and where she would pour out her fervent prayers for him. She died when he was seven years old, but left her mark on him. The prayers in that private chamber were not lost.

After the grandmother's death, and that of the sister, which happened about the same time, the two brothers were taken in charge to be educated by a maternal great-aunt. Three guardians were appointed for the boys—all deacons of the Independent Church. It may be supposed that the boys were brought up rigid dissenters. In fact they were partly educated by the pastors of their Church, and

Thomas was designed for the ministry if he should give suitable evidences of piety, and no providence should contravene. He was obliged to go to "meeting" three times every Sunday, and twice to Sunday-school—not to mention the week-night lecture and prayer-meeting. On holidays, such as Christmas and Good Friday, he was allowed to go to "church." He was required to render an account of every service—the text, the hymns, etc.—and on one occasion when he had stolen off to hear the Wesleyan preacher, his loving but watchful aunt found out that he had not attended his own place of worship, and was much displeased at the deception he had practiced.

Of this Calvinistic aunt he always spoke with reverent affection. She stands in the background of this biography a serene and stately figure, the lines of her face showing the marks of a sad and lonely life, but with firmly compressed lips indicating the strength of her will, and a light in her eye kindled by a faith that burned brightly in the inner depths of a soul that had found peace in the

Lord Jesus Christ. Her image, though but dimly outlined and faintly colored, will not vanish from the earth while kindly eyes shall read these pages. Her true and loving heart had wound its tendrils so closely around the orphan boy that only death could unclasp them. It was her name that was given to the dear little girl that was born in Alabama long years afterward, and whose early flight to the skies left so much sorrow behind.

Of James and Sarah Summers our sketch must be brief. They lived when the family fortunes—which had, as is usual in real life, been variable, now rising, now falling—had touched a point of depression. They struggled with adverse circumstances, making no noise in the world, fighting their battle under the eye of God, and sinking into their graves almost as quietly as the frosted leaves of autumn fall to the earth.

The law of heredity cannot be traced directly where the record is so scant, but we have the conviction that the potencies that were developed in the son had their springs in the

mother whose light went out so soon. No law is more certain than this, but modified as it is in its operation by free-will, by divine grace, and by the skips and leaps from one generation to another—atavism they name it—we must take every human being as we find him and leave final judgment to God, who requires much or little as much or little was given to each at the start in life. And the truth remains, shining like a sun in the sky, that the least favored of us, if we will trust and try, will come out all right in the end. Evolution under God is upward when the aspiration and effort point that way. Here is light for every man's path, hope for every human heart. We are all the children of one Father in heaven. Behind all his laws, behind all the complexities of a providential scheme too vast for our comprehension, behind all the mystery and tragedy of life as we see it, beats for each one of us His loving heart.

CHAPTER II.

PURBECK.

THE restless, strong-lunged boy looked around him to see what sort of a world it was into which he had come.

The isle of Purbeck stretches some twenty miles in length from north-east to south-west, and about ten miles in width. It is traversed by two mountain ranges. On a spur of one of these are the ruins of Corfe Castle, anciently the residence of the Queen-mother Elfrida, by whose instigation Edward the Martyr was stabbed at the castle gate. It was bravely defended against the Parliament forces of the Revolution by the widow of Chief-justice Bankes, to whose descendants it still belongs. The islet, or peninsula, terminates in bold cliffs and promontories on the British Channel immediately opposite the isle of Wight.

Purbeck was to his boy-mind the center of the world. Its fresh sea breezes braced his body; its brown, rugged headlands; its snug

little bays where the clear waters slept when the weather was calm, and fretted and foamed when it was stormy; its verdant meadows between the hills; the outlying heath mingling in the far distance with the horizon, giving the sense of vastness and mystery—all these insinuated their subtle influences into his soul. Though it cannot be measured, this natural environment had no small influence in giving tone to his mind and body. Here were the conditions of a happy boyhood—mountains to climb, water in which to fish and bathe, green fields, and heather wild and wide. Though the shadow of orphanage had fallen upon him at a tender age, the buoyancy of his temperament makes it certain that he did not mope or whine, and that his busy feet carried him everywhere within reach, and his not too gentle voice was often heard in boyish shout and laughter among the Purbeck hills and lanes.

He was fond of books, and read all that came within his reach. From them he learned that beyond the islet where he lived were great continents, wide oceans, and islands

dotting many seas. The Bible was the one book he was not permitted to neglect. Its marvels and mysteries excited his wonder and awe, and with the interpretations put upon its text by the stern sectarians about him, he saw more to appal than to attract in the mighty Being whose voice thundered from the mount that burned with fire and was echoed in the woes announced by the prophets. But at this time he was more concerned about the world in which he lived than about the invisible God and the world to come. Standing on the edge of one of the beetling crags that marked the line of the coast, he gazed across the water toward mighty London, and felt the stirrings of the adventurous spirit that belongs to the season of youth and the Anglo-Saxon blood. His environment, physical and moral, was such as to make him chafe under its limitations and long for freedom and scope. It was curiosity rather than contumacy that took him beyond the circle of hereditary religious association. He was picking up knowledge wherever it came in his path, and storing it away

in a memory that grasped and held all that touched it. He was, perhaps, a little too independent for those iron-sided Independents who ruled over him. They had set him the example of thinking as they pleased and going where they pleased. He wanted to see and know for himself what was going on in the world. At the Independent church he was taught the catechism and how to behave in the house of God, but not to love its super-solemn services. The all-alive, electrically charged boy felt like a caged bird under the “long prayer” and (as it seemed to him) endless sermon. So we are not surprised that he slipped off now and then to the Methodist chapel, or that he was sometimes found sitting in a high-backed pew in the parish church, where if the service was not less tedious the hearer was at least more at ease.

This was Purbeck, and this was his boyhood life as we get glimpses of it. The reader may get a more vivid notion of the islet by this description of it which we met with in a London magazine, the production of a local poet.

The poetry is not bad, and the descriptive touches paint a real picture:

ISLE OF PURBECK.

Great landmarks here are wound through little space

Half circled by the sea,

Mid such tranquillity

As most in scenes most pastoral doth hold its place.

A double range of hills, as with a fence

Of nature's own device,

With one sole orifice

Shuts in the sloping valley's half circumference.

Pastures are large and sloping down the vale

In undulations green,

With winding lanes between,

And high upon the cliff that fronts the southern gale.

Wild heath, outstretching far behind the lines

Of semi-circling hills,

A wide expanse fulfills,

And with the deep blue distance distantly combines.

Small bays between brown cliffs, bays blue and clear,

Homesteads in meadows green,

With many gates between,

And hanging woods in shade, their varied forms uprear.

Within the arc of hills a soft repose,

As if from by-gone days,

Enslaves the sympathies,

And unto local love affection doth dispose.

CHAPTER III.

FROM PURBECK TO NEW YORK.

SARAH HAVILLAND, the venerated aunt, died at Corfe Castle, July 18, 1828, at the age of eighty-six. She showed her attachment to her favorite boy by leaving him what remained of her patrimony, which in former years had been wasted away, it is believed, by her husband, who was an officer of some sort in the excise department, and, like most of such officers of government at that time, was far from being exemplary in his morals.

Thomas was now in his sixteenth year---quick and energetic in his movements, with a peculiarly inquisitive mind, and an insatiable reader. He began to question the truth of some of the dogmas in which he had been trained. He broke off from the Independents, but the restraints of religion were still upon him. He frequently attended the services of the Establishment, especially on Sunday afternoons, and at the Wesleyan chapel---in which he rented a

“sitting”—morning and night. In this reaction against ultra Calvinism he suffered great mental torture. He had been taught to accept all its postulates, and to follow them all to their logical conclusions. God is sovereign, and what he ordains is right, whether we can see it or not. If he elects some to be saved and leaves others to be lost, who are we that we should question his acts? If you object, you thereby give indication that you belong to the non-elect, and are a vessel of wrath. God rules; you may be saved if he hath so willed; if not, you can only enhance the severity of your doom by any questionings or cavils. These were the views that had been carefully impressed upon his mind, and enforced by an example of rare Christian consistency. Great characters have been developed in this school of thought; names belong to it that shine like globes of fire in the firmament of religious history. Ingrafted on this sturdy stock, the fair flower of Arminian theology and experience blooms in divinest beauty, and fills the air with sweetest fragrance. These two schools

of theology have reacted on each other most happily, there being more strength in the one and more sweetness in the other because of their reciprocal influence.

An uncle dying in America, one of his cousins returned to England to settle up an estate. His representations of America influenced the imagination of Thomas, and kindled within him a strong desire to see the New World. He was just at the age when the spirit of unrest and adventure are strongest in youthful minds, and his pulse beat faster as he gazed westward across the water and thought of the vastness, the newness, and the grand possibilities of the Great Republic. He decided to go, and took passage with his cousin.

We have no record of the leave-taking with Old England, nor of the incidents of the voyage. Doubtless there was a choking in his throat and his eyes were wet as he looked upon the Purbeck hills, which he should see no more, and a strange sense of loneliness and heart-ache in the voyage across the wide Atlantic. At such a time all the past crowds

upon the mind, all sacred and touching memories are awakened. A youth under such circumstances may feel all this, but he gives no sign—his pride sustains him, and he jests and laughs with a breaking heart. But sadness and sorrow sit lightly upon the young; the future invites them, and they see the beckoning hands of pleasure, fortune, and fame. If Thomas did not succumb to seasickness, we are quite sure he did not yield to morbid melancholy, though he felt something of that homesickness that comes upon all true hearts when they go out for the first time into the cold, wide world alone. If called upon to guess how he conducted himself on this voyage, we would say that he was among the most punctual at his meals, the last to go to bed, the readiest to talk, the quickest in repartee, and the most sympathetic and helpful to any fellow-passenger who might be sick or in trouble. Each day brought him nearer to America, and with the questionings that agitated his mind with regard to the unsolved problems of religion were mingled the half-curious, half-

fearful anticipations as to what should befall him on his arrival. A few sentences from his own pen concerning this voyage would give the key to unlock the inner chamber of his mind; but we are left to imagine what is not recorded.

He landed safely in New York some time in the year 1830, and felt at once that he had come to America to stay. An entry in his own handwriting says: "From the moment of my landing in New York, I determined to make the United States my home." He was then in his eighteenth year—slim, but compactly built, erect in his bearing, supple in movement, with chestnut hair, a well-shaped head, small hands and feet, what is called a "speaking" face, having a frank, open expression, a lurking humor in the twinkle of his eye and the lines of his mouth. The most prominent thing about him was his extraordinary vitality—it overflowed in all directions; his mind and body were surcharged with energy.

The plunge into the seething sea of life in New York gave him a delightful sensation.

He was naturalized instantly; as a gifted Englishman (the Rev. Fred. W McDonald) has since said, "his heart was American though his backbone was English."

A new world was now before him in a double sense—he had left behind him the old scenes and associations, and at the same time had cut loose from the old traditions and opinions. With a delicious, almost delirious, sense of freedom was mingled a new feeling of responsibility and peril. He was now his own man. He must strike out for himself in the midst of the currents into which he was thrown; he must swim or drown. God help thee, young stranger tossed on these far-off shores!

CHAPTER IV. FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

THE mind of young Summers was at this time in a great ferment and undergoing great changes. With the Bible, as we have seen, he had become familiar in very early life. He had been required to read it regularly, and its words were lodged in a memory that never let any thing go. He was now in a position of great peril. Loosed from his old moorings, he was adrift upon a stormy sea. His conscience had been too well educated to allow him to rush into gross immoralities. But he had been so thoroughly trained in the doctrines of Geneva that he could not help seeing Calvinism in almost every part of the Bible, and at this system his reason revolted. He soon came to the conclusion that doctrines which made God the author of all evil in the universe could not be true ; he therefore rejected them. But as those doctrines are taught in the Bible, according to the instructions he

had received, the Bible must be set aside—there was no alternative. His mental anguish was intense. He could not bear the thought of being an infidel, but felt that he was sinking down into that black gulf. He kept his skepticism to himself. In debates on the subject he always defended the cause of the Bible—and would have given a world to be able to believe it. The skepticism that is yearning for truth, and honestly feeling after it in the dark, invites the help of the loving Father in heaven. The skepticism that laughs the fool's laugh at sacred things, and toys with the serpent of doubt as with a plaything, repels the light of truth and closes the wicked and foolish heart against the entrance of the Deliverer. He read works designed to reconcile absolute predestination and moral agency, but they did not satisfy him. He frequently heard Methodist sermons, but the difficulties that troubled his mind were not discussed. He sought light from Calvinistic ministers, but in vain. "They put him off," he says, "with a caveat concerning mysteries, secret things belonging to

God, divine sovereignty, duty of submission whether we be elect or reprobate, unsanctified curiosity, rebellion of the unregenerated heart, natural aversion to the doctrines of grace, and the like”—a treatment which well-nigh confirmed him in infidelity. He had swept out too far on the sea of free thought to be drawn back by such suggestions as these, however well meant by his honest advisers. For the sake of argument, he often affected to defend the Calvinistic system. On one occasion a good old Methodist lady, who was not convinced by his argument, though she could not point out its fallacy, handed him a copy of Clarke’s Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, saying, “*If I cannot answer you, here is one that can!*”

He had never read any Wesleyan work on the Calvinistic controversy. He read the lucid and masterly work, especially chapters viii. and ix. Transported with joy, he was ready to exclaim, “*I have found it!*” He had found a key to open the mysteries contained in this and parallel passages of the Bible, and hence-

forth it was a new book to him. He still saw difficulties in it, but none which discredited it as a divine revelation.

Though often assailed by infidelity, he resumed his study of the Holy Scriptures with increased earnestness. He soon took to heart the words of Jesus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He knew that he had not experienced the New Birth. At this time he was thrown among Methodists. So moral was his life that he was told by one of them that he ought to belong to their Church. He looked him in the face and with great emotion replied that, though they had given him their friendship, none of them had seemed to care for his soul. He was told that they had considered him a Presbyterian, and so needed not their counsels, which might have been construed into proselytism--a thing the Methodists had always avoided.

Soon afterward a general class-meeting was held at Ebenezer Methodist Church, Washington City, and without consulting any one on

the subject he sought admission, and gave in his name as a probationary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was Oct. 18, 1832. This step had not been taken until he had carefully examined the doctrines, discipline, and usages of the Methodist Church, comparing them with those of other religious bodies, and satisfying himself that they were nearest to the primitive and scriptural model.

From that time he attended class-meeting with great punctuality. Here he found what he needed—a religious atmosphere warm with human sympathy. The leader of the class was a plain, godly man, deeply versed in holy things—a local preacher from England. He took great pains with the young man, and was very helpful to him during this period when he was in the slough of despond.

He had come in as a seeker, and he continued to seek in earnest. He prayed for the grace of repentance, using, he tells us, the fervent petitions of Wesley's hymns, a volume of which, brought by him from England, was his constant companion in the closet. That

hymn-book! who can tell how much it did to mold his life in its transition-state and ever after? He got it by heart, and there was no phase of doctrine or religious experience that he could not illustrate by a ready and apt quotation from its pages. In the use thus made of that well-worn little book of sacred songs he was being prepared for a valuable service to the Church in a coming day. He had set his heart on the type of conversion emphasized in these hymns — the sudden, the overwhelming, the ecstatic. He wanted to feel the shocks of grace; to have his heart broken all to pieces by the rod of God; to feel, as it were, the flames of hell gathering around him; and then to realize, by a quick transition,

Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face.

But God brought him by another way. He was taught that the repentance is genuine which leads a man to mourn because he cannot mourn; to abandon all his sins; to cast himself exclusively upon the mercy of the Father, the merit of the Son, and the grace of the

Holy Spirit, with full purpose of future obedience. So the blessing came to his hungry soul at last. Here is the story in his own words:

“One day—January 16, 1833—while reading the sixth chapter of the Gospel of John, at first a little puzzled with some verses in that chapter which I had been formerly taught to interpret according to the Calvinistic platform of partial peace and effectual calling, I seized on the Saviour’s declaration, ‘*Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out*,’ and by a vigorous effort of the mind, assisted by the Spirit of faith, I ventured on Christ, and so believed on the Son of God as to have the witness in myself. My experience corresponded with the language of Mr. Wesley, which instantly came to my mind:

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin, and nature’s night;
Thine eye diffused a quick’ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

“I felt like singing the stanza which thou
sands in like circumstances have sung:

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.”

CHAPTER V

PREACHES HIS FIRST SERMON.

THREE was great rejoicing among the brethren at the class-meeting when the young convert told them that after so long and painful a struggle he had passed from death unto life. They all knelt together, and devoutly thanked God for his mercy; and when they rose from their knees, there were bursts of holy song, hearty hand-shakings, and joyful congratulations.

That was the way in those days. Conversion was a great event, and among Methodists like those it excited a joy akin to that felt among the angels of God over a repenting sinner.

The class-meeting was the crucible in which the soul of Summers was melted and the matrix in which it was molded. While groping in the darkness of doubt, he found there testimony that he could not gainsay, and a tender concern for his soul that drew and held him

to Christian association. After his conversion, when still fiercely assailed, as he was from time to time, by doubts, he found in the class-meeting the help he needed in the wise counsels, the varied experiences, and the brotherly sympathies of its members. The name of the old Englishman who led that class is not given, but his work abides. It is not strange that to his dying-day Summers loved the class-meeting. But it is strange that any Methodist should be willing to abandon a means of grace so honored of the Lord. And it is strangest of all that among those who now would give up the class-meeting are some who owe to it, under God, the best influences that have blessed their lives.

The young convert, though still retaining his sense of the forgiveness of sins, tells us that he was "constantly passing through the fire and water of temptation." He was not tempted to doubt so much the genuineness of his conversion as the truth and divine origin of the Christian religion. This led him to fortify his mind with all the arguments be-

longing to the great question of the evidences of Christianity, and to set an emphatic estimate on that inward demonstration of its truth which the witness of the Holy Spirit supplies. His opinions were now crystallizing into permanent form, and his experience taking its abiding type under conditions that gave clearness to the one and intensity to the other.

His wise old class-leader told him that "he judged the Lord had a work for him to do, to prepare him for which he permitted him to realize in his early experience, on so large a scale, the assaults of the great enemy."

This remark made a deep impression on his mind. For although he had kept it to himself, yet from the time of his conversion he had been impressed that God designed him for the ministry. The movement of his mind in that direction was irresistible. The study of theology engaged his attention almost exclusively, the internal impulse moving him onward to the work to which he was destined, though as yet with no clear perception of the call or fixed plan of action. In most cases

where there is a true call of God to the ministry, it dates back to a very early period in the life of its subject. Does not the call in some cases in some degree antedate conversion itself? God has a plan for every man's life, and in the light of accomplished events the clew to His gracious dealing may be seen where it was not looked for or thought of at the time when events were shaping for the intended result.

The next year his class-leader again proposed the question to him, telling him that from the start he had been satisfied God would call him to the ministry, but that he had forbore to say any thing to him on the subject until the lapse of a reasonable space of time. Summers waived the matter by telling his friend that if God wanted him for the work he would not fail to bring him into it without any of his own agency. Another friend advised him to apply for a license to exhort. From many quarters there came these indications that, concurrent with other providential leadings toward the ministry, was the call of

the Church. The subject was mentioned in an official meeting, but no one had heard him attempt an exhortation, even in a prayer-meeting. He had made an effort in a woman's class-meeting, of which he had been appointed leader, but in a way very far from being satisfactory to himself. Thinking himself unsuited to the functions of that office, he felt it to be his duty to ask for a release from the leadership.

Shortly after this the quarterly-meeting was held. The Rev. Alfred Griffith was the presiding elder. Mr. Griffith's attention had been especially directed to young Summers since hearing his experience at the love-feast. The strong individuality, the impetuous manner, the peculiar phases of the young man's experience, arrested the attention of the devout and vigilant presiding elder, who was a discerner of spirits, and kept a vigilant lookout for recruits to the laborers in the fields white to the harvest. Summers attended the Quarterly Conference, drawn thither by the mysterious magnetism that brings the willing soul to the

place where it is to receive the illuminating flash or the decisive impulse.

Fixing his eye upon the young man, in a grave but kindly tone Mr. Griffith asked: "Do you wish to apply for license to preach, and recommendation to the Annual Conference to be admitted on trial?"

"No," answered Summers, while a crowd of exciting and bewildering thoughts agitated his mind.

"Do you think that God has called you to the ministry?" asked the presiding elder.

"For some time I have been so impressed," he replied meekly, in trembling accents.

"If the Church needs your services, will you give them?" asked the patient presiding elder.

"If I could do good, I would be willing to go to the ends of the earth!" exclaimed the young man in a burst of deep feeling.

That practically settled the matter. The usual questions, "Have you any matrimonial engagements?" "Are you in debt?" with a number on theological points, were proposed and answered, and then Summers was asked

to retire. When called in, he was told that the Conference had granted him license to preach, and a recommendation to the Annual Conference.

This process seems summary, but the presiding elder had inquired concerning young Summers of two brethren who had taken him into the country on preaching excursions. One of them had caused him to exhort after his sermon. The result was not satisfactory to the exhorter, whatever may have been the judgment of the preacher. A call was made on him to exhort again after the evening sermon, but this he positively declined to do.

“Then, sir, you must preach!” was the peremptory answer.

He consented, and that night preached his first sermon. It was in a little, old-fashioned house, dimly lighted—Bell’s Meeting-house, Prince George county, Maryland—a church in which Bishop Asbury sometimes had preached. Of that first sermon we know two things—first, the text, which was Luke xxiv. 46, 47: “Thus it is written, and thus it behooved

Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." The other fact that we know about the sermon is that it was a full hour long! How it was received by the rustic auditors is not known, but we cannot doubt that the earnestness and energy of the preacher kept them awake. The date of this first sermon was Nov. 9, 1834. So the question as to whether he could preach was settled before the memorable Quarterly Conference. He had been thrown into the water, and it was found that he could swim, though it might be with an awkward stroke. The ability to preach is one of the signs of a call to preach: where this is wanting in a candidate for license, there is a mistake somewhere.

CHAPTER VI. HIS FIRST CIRCUIT

AT the session of the Baltimore Conference held at Winchester, Va., March, 1835, Mr. Summers was admitted on trial. He was not present, and so lost the benefit of seeing and hearing the cultured and saintly Emory, who presided. It must have been a strong reason that kept the young preacher from attending the Conference. He loved and magnified such occasions.

He was "read out" to the Augusta Circuit, in the Valley of Virginia, the Rev. John Henning being his senior colleague. For some cause, Mr. Henning did not go to his circuit; so for months Mr. Summers was alone in the work; after which the Rev. F. M. Mills was sent in Mr. Henning's place.

The Baltimore Conference was still extensive in territory, though reduced in size from what it was when it reached to the Northern lakes, and westward to settlements beyond the

Ohio. Its territory still embraced the larger portion of Pennsylvania, the western shore of Maryland, the District of Columbia, and a large portion of Virginia. Stations then were few. Most of the charges were four-weeks' circuits, embracing from twenty to twenty-eight preaching appointments each. Up to that time it had never been known that a young preacher had been stationed more than the first year over the same charge, though some then were as gifted and as well educated as now.

In those days a "breaking in to the work" was allotted to every one just admitted on trial. The mountains and hill-country of Virginia and Pennsylvania were well adapted to this end. Some of the circuits of lower Maryland might be thought large enough and hard enough, with their twenty-eight appointments, sandy roads, endless gates to be opened and shut, mosquitoes by the million, and ague and fever for new-comers. But the canny old presiding elders did not think these lower circuits the best for young men. They were

too near the smoke of Baltimore, had too many homes of rich planters, too much eating of juicy, rich-flavored oysters and other fish, too much pampering of the flesh, and too much elegant and captivating female society. The injunction to “converse sparingly with women” was emphasized at that time, when Maryland Methodists were generally strict constructionists of the Discipline. The elders kindly strove to save the juniors from temptation, and sent them to the mountains to be toughened, hardened, tamed down to itinerant adaptability and efficiency. These sturdy old saints were no respecters of persons—whatever the native endowments or education of a young preacher, he had to pass in through this strait gate. A young man was not then allowed to graduate before he was received on trial.

So young Summers was appointed to Augusta Circuit as junior preacher to J. P. Henning, preacher in charge, with Norval Wilson as presiding elder of the district.

Augusta Circuit was in the Valley of Virginia, two hundred and twenty-five miles from

Washington City. It can now be reached in six hours by railroad; then, by horseback, over muddy and rocky roads, it took ten days of steady travel through all sorts of weather.

In making the journey to his circuit, Summers was joined by another young preacher, John S. Martin, who had been received at the same Conference in the class with himself. Starting from Washington, as they passed through Alexandria they received many good wishes and prayers from the old Methodists there. The kind old brothers and sisters also gave them due warning that there were severe labors and many hardships ahead, usually closing by saying, "The times are much easier now than when the old preachers started out fifty years ago."

The route to be traveled after crossing into Virginia stretched out through the counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquier, and Rappahannock; and crossing the Blue Ridge and Massanutten Mountains, they were to pass up the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, through Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Au-

gusta counties. These itinerant novices could learn much in a journey like this.

They had been previously told by preachers familiar with the route what roads to take or avoid, where they should "stop to feed" or put up for the night. The first evening of their journey they reached Dogan's, twenty-seven miles from Alexandria. At the opening of a lane leading to the house some ladies and a gentleman were standing. Summers asked, "Is that house at the end of the lane Mr. Dogan's?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then that is the house at which we were directed to stop for the night," said one of the young preachers.

"They cannot take care of you, as some of the family are sick," said one of the group.

"Where, then, can we stay?"

"There is no place this side of Warrenton, sixteen miles farther on—though at Buckland, eight miles off, there is a house, but it is a disorderly place."

"That won't do for us," said the young

preachers; “we will go on to Warrenton, if we have to ride till ten o’clock.”

They had gone only a few yards, when they were called back and invited to ride up to the house. As they dismounted, and the gentleman took their saddle-bags and the servant led away their horses, one of the ladies asked, “Are you not Methodist preachers?”

Answering in the affirmative, the young men were advised to let that fact be known wherever they stopped.

Summers thereafter did not fail to follow this advice. His first salutation on reaching a place was, “We are Methodist preachers traveling to our circuits.” That was enough in all cases—the doors of the people were thrown wide open at once.

On entering the house, it was found that the Rev. T. Allen, the preacher on that circuit, was very sick—which was the cause of the hesitation in the offer of entertainment for the night. The sick preacher was glad to see his young brethren, and they in turn were much profited by the recital of the labors and suffer-

ings of the faithful servant of Christ, who a few days afterward entered into rest. The solemnity of the scene impressed them deeply.

Three days of hard riding took them over the miry roads across the Blue Ridge and Massanuttens into the Valley of the Shenandoah. Near Harrisonburg they stopped to feed their horses and dine at the house of Mrs. Diana Smith, an aged Methodist matron. Here hospitality had long abounded. Every Methodist preacher passing through the valley was expected to call at her house. This excellent lady, who was related to the first families of that region, was noted for her bold advocacy of Methodist doctrine, and for the simplicity and fervor peculiar to Methodists in that early time. She exercised the privilege of plain speech on all occasions and to all sorts of persons, preachers included. This mother in Israel received the young itinerants kindly, and at once took them in hand with a view to start them out right "in the good old way." She warned them against the gins and snares set for young preachers, and urged them to

witness boldly for the doctrines and discipline of Methodism. They ate and listened as she exhorted them to be studious, and “prepare to meet Calvinism,” which would confront them at every step. They heard with delight her glowing narrative of the victories of Methodism in Rockingham in early times under the ministry of Billy Cravens, Gerard Morgan, Bruce, and others.

Dinner being over, the horses were led by the servants to the gate. The young preachers arose to go and to say good-by. Sister Smith took the hand of each, but held it fast till she gave her solemn admonition against the world of fashion and show, which she said was creeping into the Church. She had, she said, a special word, which she thought these young preachers needed more than any she had seen.

What was coming they did not know, but the deeply solemn tone of this Methodist mother impressed them strongly.

“Young brethren,” she said, “you have not called the family to prayer since you came,

and now you are going away without asking a blessing on us."

The family, including the servants, were called in, and each of the preachers prayed. There were hearty "amens" from Sister Smith, and a shout at the close of the service—not an unusual thing in those times, when Methodism was on its victorious march over this continent, singing and shouting as it went.

The young preachers promised to pray wherever they stopped. Summers seemed to be specially impressed with the importance of doing so. At every place where he stopped, though it might be only for an hour, he would say, "Come, let us pray before we part." Sister Smith had given him a lesson to last him for a life-time.

Summers's spectacles, which were always getting in his way, and his double-lapelled coat, had not pleased Sister Smith. His quick English manner was interpreted as too great forwardness for a young man, and he was admonished to be careful as he was just starting out; she "had known young preachers who seemed

to require a fifty-six-pound weight to keep them down, or the presiding elder had to send them out from one mountain circuit to another just to bring them down to the level of things."

Martin came in for his share of reproof in another way. The morning had been warm, and the hair of his head was pushed up to the front by the movement of his hat when riding. He was severely rebuked by Sister Smith for appearing before her with a "top-knot"—an allusion to a then fashionable head-dress, and the special horror of all Methodist advocates of humility and plainness of dress. Martin pleaded that he had not been aware that his hat had so pushed up his hair, and also alleged that "top-knots" had ceased to be the fashion in Washington. But he was curtly informed that they were still the fashion in Rockingham, and was advised to go to the barber's the first opportunity and have his hair cut.

Summers had another lesson on this journey. He and his fellow-itinerant reached a certain place where a considerable company had been drawn to the house by the novelty of the pres-

ence of two young preachers. Summers before parting gave the authoritative summons to prayer, and as they knelt he called, though a stranger, on an older preacher to lead the prayer. The aged brother, thinking this young man whom he had just met for the first time was usurping his own place, bluntly responded, “You will pray yourself if you want to!”

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST CIRCUIT (CONTINUED)

SUMMERS and Martin were the first to bring to the Staunton Methodists the news from the late Conference. Eagerly the little band of Methodists in the town flocked to the house of Judson McCoy to hear of the "appointments." Criticisms were freely made concerning some of the appointments for the adjoining circuits. Especially was it said that Staunton, then a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, should have been properly cared for. "There was no place more important anywhere," it was declared; it had an able bar; judges of great distinction resided there; the stage lines centered there. In such a place a preacher of prominence and ability was needed to cope with the Presbyterians, who were very strong.

Summers was amazed that people so far out in the mountains should feel and talk in this way, and spoke his mind freely. In his bluff,

emphatic way he cautioned the brethren against any arraignment, even by implication, of the appointing power; he told them he had been brought up in England, where he had seen the old preachers who had always stood in awe of John Wesley's authority; and that Mr. Wesley designed that on this side of the water the preachers and people should equally venerate the power transferred to Mr. Asbury and his successors.

The Virginians were high-spirited as well as kind, and resented this reproof. Among those present were some who, twenty years before, had served in the war against Great Britain and the Indian savages she had employed against the Western settlements just beyond their boundary. Though grace had regenerated these old soldiers, they fired up, and were not slow in letting Summers know that on this side of the water the preachers and people did not need advice from the English preachers and people—"especially," they said, "since the English, when they come over here, pretend to know more than any among us."

Summers was quick in this as in other cases to learn. He saw that he was among a people to whom he would be wise to address sparingly the language of rebuke.

The two travelers, who had journeyed together exposed to the March winds, plunging through the deep mud and scrambling over the rocks on horseback, were now to part. Summers was to go fourteen miles east to Waynesboro, head-quarters of his circuit, while Martin was to pursue his journey still farther up the valley to Lexington.

The little class at Waynesboro received with joy their new preacher. They were looking for J. A. Henning, who had been read out at Conference as preacher in charge, to come and "give out the appointments for the work." But he came not—he had declined to go to his work. Refractory preachers were as common then as now in the Conferences. It is true the times and requirements of itinerancy were different—circuits harder, moves farther, pay smaller. A consecrated heart, a heroic spirit, and a strong body were then necessary for

the work. Parsonages were few. No dinner-table was spread or reception at the parsonage awaited the preacher on his arrival, as is the custom now. The Baltimore Conference, in that day of rigid discipline, failed not to "hackle" the preacher or "drop" or expel him for not going to his work. Henning escaped, having a good excuse. But, true to the rigid usage of the time, he was sent the next year as *second* man on a circuit.

The failure of the preacher in charge to come to the work devolved heavy responsibility upon the young preacher of Augusta Circuit. The work was large, extending from the Blue Ridge and crossing the North Mountain, and embraced twenty-five appointments, with four hundred members. The sacraments he could not administer, as he had not been ordained. This was attended to in some measure by the presiding elder at the quarterly-meetings, and by local preachers. He had to preach every day; and he "led class"—as every Methodist preacher had to do at that day, much to their own advantage as well as that of their people.

A failure to lead class was reported to the presiding elder; at Conference the preacher would be examined, and with a view to reforming him he would be sent to some more distant circuit in the mountains.

Summers prepared his sermons as carefully as he could riding from place to place and tarrying for the night. Preaching and class-leading were attended to. His heart was in the work, and he put into it all his energies. He was noted for his punctuality in meeting all his engagements. His fidelity won the hearts of the people. They liked their young preacher. He being now advanced to preacher in charge, determined to magnify his office. The children were catechised, prayers were offered in every family with whom he stopped, Sunday-schools were organized, and “two days’ meetings” were held. The official members sent word to the presiding elder that they did not want any better preacher in charge than their junior preacher. He was successful and popular on the Augusta Circuit.

But it was not all easy sailing. Fault-finders

were not wanting. Some asked him to sing more lively tunes, and not use such long old hymns; some thought he quoted too much of Charles Wesley's poetry in his preaching; others complained that he did not tell anecdotes, or make people cry. His appearance was also criticised. He was neat and clean but not foppish in his dress; yet some objected that he had no round-breasted coat, and had little patience with him when he replied, "Mr. Wesley never wore a shad-bellied coat, but one with a full skirt." His double-lapelled, English-looking coat destroyed the good effect of his preaching with some of the brothers and sisters of the old-time stock.

Summers's silver-rimmed spectacles were especially in his way. One old sister told him that he ought to see as well without them, as he was younger than the junior preacher of last year; another told him it was only pride that made him wear them, for no one could see better through them, she having tried them herself and not being able to see at all; others thought it was only vanity, "pretending that he

had read so many books as to hurt his eyes." There were yet others who told him that if he were compelled to use spectacles he ought not to use silver but steel frames, and then he would not be breaking the General Rules, which forbid the wearing of gold or costly apparel. What further rebuke he would have received it is hard to say had he not one day been so unfortunate as to lose his spectacles from his head while his horse was restive. He was carried on from one place to another, unable to discern the roads or to distinguish objects, until a friend took hold of his horse's bridle-rein and led him to his home. This occurrence settled the spectacle question, though some old-time brethren still insisted that young Brother Summers ought to use spectacles with rims of brass or steel instead of silver.

The task of organizing and working a circuit was strange to Summers. He had been brought up in England, where circuit arrangements were exact, local preachers fitting in regularly in the work, class-leaders being adjusted to their places, and even the horse was

owned and provided by the circuit for the use of the preachers. His own brief experience in America was limited to the Navy Yard Station in Washington City, where there was but one church in the charge. The condition of things among the hills on the Augusta Circuit was very different. How he could keep up the work of preaching, daily riding through all sorts of weather over all sorts of roads except smooth ones from ten to thirty miles a day, hold service in school-houses or log-huts, or out in the woods, and yet follow any regular course of study, seemed a difficult problem. But he did it. “I will follow Joe Benson’s rule,” he said; “I will have my sermons ready the first thing in the morning, and then while riding on my horse to my preaching appointments I will read on the subject.”

Reading on horseback was then common to presiding elders and circuit preachers on their long rides, as in no other way could they get the time to read. Despite his defective eyesight, he read thousands of pages in this way. The reading thus done is apt to be accompanied

by some thinking—which is not always the case in the midst of large libraries and learned tutors.

After preaching and leading class, he would stop at the house of some brother on his way to his next appointment, where he found opportunity in the afternoon for maturing his thoughts by writing. Now and then he was favored with a separate room apart from the family and with a fire. But this was only at a few places. Undaunted by difficulties, he soon acquired the habit of reading and study and writing when in the same room with the children and work-people in the families he visited.

Such were the surroundings of many of the earlier preachers who were successful students and who rose to distinction in the councils of the Church.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST CIRCUIT (CONTINUED).

MR. SUMMERS gave due attention to the course of study as prescribed by the Conference, but did not confine himself to the subjects embraced therein. He had already perused Wesley's Sermons, Watson's Institutes (first part), Fletcher's Works, and Clarke's Commentary. He was well acquainted with Methodist history. In addition to the histories by Whitehead, Watson, and Southey, he had conversed freely with old preachers in England and America who furnished him with historical incidents which they had personally witnessed. He had had instruction only in English, but he had sought to be thorough in that. He spoke his vernacular with accuracy, elegance, and vigor. He was free from the provincialisms of the English, whether of the Yorkshireman or the Cockney, and laughed heartily at their blunders.

It was early his purpose to become acquainted
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with the Greek language, and to qualify himself for Biblical criticism. This purpose he pursued with unwearying tenacity. It was his bent—he could not do otherwise. On the journey from the Conference to Augusta Circuit (before described), he devoted part of the first day to the use of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon—and this he repeated each day following. It has often been asked, How did Summers obtain his knowledge of the ancient languages and his vast fund of accurate knowledge of a general character? We have the answer: He had a genius for acquisition of this sort, and genius drives to its object over all impediments.

At this time he was much occupied with Methodist hymnology, with which even then he was well versed, and in which he excelled all others.

Staunton, though detached from his circuit, was on the way to his appointments, and here he would halt in his rides. He found there a true friend and sterling Methodist in Adam Lushbaugh, in whose hospitable family he found every thing needful for his own comfort,

and in whose well-kept stable his horse was well cared for. In Staunton, also, was the home of the presiding elder, the Rev. Norval Wilson, to whom he often went to consult with reference to the work on his circuit.

Mr. Wilson discerned the true quality of young Summers, and became his warm and lasting friend. They were frequently together. Under such training the mind of Summers was confirmed in its clear-cut Arminianism; his soul bloomed out in experience of the genuine Wesleyan type; and his devotional habits were formed on the high model of the men of God like Wilson and others of that day whose reverend presence and holy lives clothed them with apostolic power, and always caused them to triumph in Christ, and make manifest the savor of his knowledge by them in every place.

Norval Wilson was one of the foremost men of the Methodism of that time. He was of an eminent Presbyterian family, of the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, who had cherished the faith of their fathers, and been true to the covenant. He was born in Morgantown, Mo-

nongahela county, Virginia. His father, Thomas Wilson, a lawyer of great ability, had been a representative in the State Legislature, and also in the Congress of the United States. Thus descended, Norval Wilson had the fullest advantages of education and social position and culture. He was converted at a camp-meeting in 1819. His conversion was of the type peculiar to those times—a thorough remolding of the man, his soul fused in the white heat of pentecostal fires. His religious development was rapid and sustained. He immediately united with the Methodist Church, and very soon was licensed as a preacher and received on trial in the Baltimore Conference. He was a diligent learner, and in all the varied work assigned him—from the rough mountain circuit to the station in Baltimore, or the presiding eldership of the Baltimore District—he continued to be the toiling student, thirsting for knowledge. As a preacher, he was remarkably endowed. In intellectual strength, aptness of illustration, and majesty of voice, he was a man of mark. In the great mental power and

eloquence of his son, the Rev. Alpheus W. Wilson, now a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, we have a strong resemblance to the father. Besides his rare pulpit ability and treasures of knowledge from extensive reading, Norval Wilson was remarkable for his deep spirituality, his self-abnegation, his simplicity and humility. Of his *personnel*, one who knew him well has said: "His tall, slender, slightly stooping figure; his thin and furrowed face; his strongly marked features; his fine eyes—clear, restful, penetrating, the mirror of an honest soul; his tremulous gait—these are all before us now. Nor is it difficult to recall his rich, sonorous voice, calm in common discourse, quivering with intensity of conviction as he preached the gospel, and at times penetrating to the very soul, as he manifested the exceeding sinfulness of sin, fitly uttering that Word which 'pierces to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.'" (Samuel Rodgers, D.D., Baltimore Conference.)

Another, well qualified, gives us these touches concerning Mr. Wilson: "When I sat down to reproduce to my own mind that wonderful harmony of parts which from the pulpit had so mastered and stirred my heart in Light Street Church, and all the goodly people who worshiped there, I found that I could call up the impression, the commanding form, the weighty manner, the even, ever-flowing utterance, the full, round speech, but scarcely any thing sufficiently accurate to be of worth as respects the preacher himself. I thought then that, taking him altogether, he was the first among the many effective men who were planting Methodism in Baltimore.

"When the General Conference of 1866 convened in this city, I was curious to see and hear him again, that I might compare him with my memory of him in his zenith. He concluded a service in Carondelet Street Church with prayer. I recollect what a man of prayer he used to be, and listened. The first sentence of all the sentences--for they flowed as a river of God--was full of soul, of spirit-

ual light, and appealing power. The words of Scripture, and the words of a man who knows God, poured upward in their mighty confluence. Faith strengthened every conception. Nothing common or feeble found place there. There was a gradual and steady closing up of heaven and earth, until all, the every thought and sentiment, mingled in a sense of fellowship and high communion with the Father of our spirits. His words were more than half inspired. The Spirit's grace had permeated his brain, and choice of words and the nice sense which he had of the finer resources of speech were used to kindle every faculty of the inner man into a glowing devotion.

“He was blessed with the ability to weigh words to an uncommon degree, but nothing in his manner gave intimation of the process, for he spoke with much ease, and never wanted the exact word—no, not for an instant. It fell into place as coins from the mint. His regular movement of speech was not disturbed by warmth of sentiment, but in the most impassioned moment of his discourse there was a

rhythmic march that gave unity to the whole, and wielded it with unrelenting force. His rate of speed never surpassed his thought, and in this he was not unlike another great pulpit orator of the same city and period—the Rev. Dr. Stockton.

“His strength lay in a sound, unambitious treatment of his theme, holding to the middle current of evangelical exegesis. He vitalized and reproduced the original power of those formulas of death and life which hold eternity in their syllables. There were in the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament all the words of argument, truth, or illustration that he needed, and as I remember he rarely went outside of the Bible for matter. The unction of the Holy One was his afflatus, and there remained to his audience no room for criticism. His perorations were an *abandon* of spiritual and mental power in fullest sympathy with the truth, and with those to whom he delivered it, subdued by the habitual reverence of his soul for his Lord and Master. They seemed to me irresistible. I was then scarcely a member of

the Church, and but imperfectly appreciated the privilege of hearing so great a preacher.” (Bishop J. C. Keener, New Orleans, 1877.)

A peculiar friendship sprung up between this massive, finely-wrought, and godly presiding elder and Summers. Strong in his convictions and abundant in will-power, fond of discussion with select friends as a means of improvement, Mr. Wilson took pleasure in rousing the earnest, persistent young preacher to the exercise of his argumentative powers. Though he might feel himself beaten, Summers gave no sign that he was aware of it, but would “read up” on the controverted topic, and renew the contest the first opportunity. The gifted, cultured presiding elder and the inquisitive, studious young preacher could not meet without a discussion on some topic. These friendly but spirit-filled tilts furnished excellent gymnastics for the young and ardent polemic, and were relished by his wise and gentle senior, who would smilingly tell him to read more until their next meeting, and then come “and again get beaten.” But Summers

never felt that he was beaten in an argument—that feeling was foreign to his temperament.

The presiding elder's office, so valuable to the Church, and for which no substitute has been found, would be doubly valuable if always filled by such men as Norval Wilson. The Conferences that put their best men into this work are the ones that exhibit the highest results in the development of ministerial character, and in the substantial prosperity and progress of the Church. The providence that brought Summers into official relation and personal association with Norval Wilson was a most fortunate thing for him and for the Church.

Protracted meetings were held that year at most of the appointments. Some conversions followed. This greatly encouraged the young circuit preacher. He had not time, as some now do, to preach preparation sermons through three weeks, "to get the Church right, before calling up mourners." With twenty-five appointments on the circuit, he could only preach, invite to the altar and if any came forward for

prayers, offer to continue the meeting; but if none came, he could not stay "to hammer on cold iron." Preachers were then called the "now" preachers. The word was preached and driven home by earnest exhortation. If some wanted a long time to consider, they were left for the brethren to pray over and labor with, and if not previously converted, the preacher tried to reach them when he came again.

A camp-meeting was held that year on his circuit—a new thing to Summers. Among the preachers present, were Norval Wilson, A. A. Eskridge, J. S. Martin, and J. H. Linn.

CHAPTER IX. AT CONFERENCE.

CONFERENCE approached; the finances were much in arrears. Summers was told it was necessary that he should "bend his energies to bring the circuit out." He could not understand why people should require so much stirring up to pay a little "quarterage."

Now came the time to preach farewell sermons on the last round—for then no young man was so presumptuous as to expect to return the second year. Although there had been only one preacher on Augusta Circuit, and his claim only one hundred dollars, yet it could not be made up. Summers realized about eighty dollars, and his presiding elder forty dollars—one hundred and twenty dollars in all, raised from four hundred members. On the same field now, from an equal number of members, two thousand five hundred dollars are raised, yet the circumstances of the members are not much better, if any. Were

"the former days better than these?" His traveling companion—Martin—on his journey back met him at Mt. Sidney, and they journeyed together again over the same road, through snow or mud to Conference.

Conference met in Baltimore. Bishop Hedd-
ing presided. The place of meeting was in
the "Old Conference-room," which was in a
building in the rear of "Light Street Church."
The lower part was used for a parsonage for
the preacher in charge of the "city station"—
the third story over the parsonage was used
for a Conference-room, with committee-rooms
adjoining in the same story. Here Conference
was always held when assembled in Baltimore.
Here Asbury had met the Conference at an
earlier time, dispatched its business, read the
Appointments, and just after reading descend-
ed to the side alley below, where his horse
was waiting. Quickly mounting, he rapidly
rode beyond "Baltimore town," before any dis-
satisfied preacher could come to him for a
change in his appointment, and where his
post-office could not soon be known; the

lumbering, slow mail of the time taking many days to reach him. So the preacher, though complaining, had no alternative but to go to his work.

In this room Asbury, McKendree, Roberts, George, and Soule had presided over successive Conferences. In it also, in 1808, the law was changed constituting a delegated General Conference, the discussion of which was a “war of giants.” The opposition to making the General Conference a delegated body was led by Wilson Lee, who warned the elders not to part with their original right of meeting as one body. The very spot in the room where he stood when he delivered his speech was designated and long venerated by those who hated the remembrance of that act constituting a delegated General Conference. The room was getting too strait for the Conference, now one hundred and forty in number. There was little room for spectators. But as the fathers then did not think they needed any help from the outside, they preferred in their select way to hold the sessions there as in former

years—the greater part of the time with closed doors, particularly in the examination of character. The Conference thus brought together in a small space would awaken in a mind like that of Summers thoughts more self-searching than if in a larger crowd in a larger church.

Elijah Hedding was the presiding Bishop. Admitted on trial in 1801, he was now in his thirty-sixth year as a preacher. Though not strong in body as in former years, he was yet of noble appearance, impressive in all his utterances, and much respected for his high Christian character. Such a man fixed the attention of Summers, who always had the gift of sincere and unenvious admiration of goodness or greatness.

Some of the superannuates present—Joshua Wells, William Ryland, and Henry Smith—referred to their labors in rough places, dating back to earlier times in Methodist history. The letters received from others—J. G. Watt, J. Ronan, John Kobler—brought up the remembrance of labors in the wilderness, and

sufferings in by-gone days that only served to kindle anew the ardor of those then entering upon the glorious work of the gospel ministry.

In pulpit efficiency, in administrative ability, in all the great qualities needed for their office, the men of the Baltimore Conference then on the effective list compared favorably with any other preachers in the Connection.

Alfred Griffith had just finished his fourth year as presiding elder on the Baltimore District. He had now been thirty years in the work -- a man of great thoughts, a strong preacher, called by some "the gazeteer of his times." He was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, March 16, 1783. He was converted under the ministry of the Rev. John Potts in 1801, "during a revival of religion," as the record puts it. His first sermon was delivered under the following circumstances. "With other people of his neighborhood he had gathered to listen to a sermon to be preached by a certain local preacher. For some reason the expected preacher did not appear, and after waiting for some time some

of the older brethren went to Mr. Griffith and requested him to conduct the services and preach to the people. He refused to do this, pleading his youth, his ignorance, his timidity, and his want of a divine call, as reasons why he should be excused. His brethren persistently urging him not to permit the congregation to disperse without an exhortation, he at length went alone to the forest, which was near, to ask of God his duty. After some time spent there in fervent supplication he returned to the house, and immediately entered the pulpit. What transpired there he was never able to recall. He only had a confused memory that the power of the Holy Ghost came upon him, and that the authority of his ministry was attested by mingled groans and tears, and cries for mercy, and loud shouts and hal-leluiahs." At a quarterly-meeting held soon after this occurrence, the presiding elder, Rev. Enoch George, afterward Bishop George of blessed memory, hearing an account of this remarkable scene, wrote for Mr. Griffith a license to preach, and left it with the preacher

in charge of the circuit. He, approaching Mr. Griffith one day, handed the paper to him, folded. As soon as he had opened and read the paper he was so agitated that he let it fall. The preacher, picking it up and handing it again to him, warned him against slighting a call from God. At a Quarterly Conference just prior to the Conference held in Baltimore in 1806, his pastor, the Rev. Gideon Draper, presented his name to the elder for recommendation for admission on trial in the traveling connection. This, it seems, was entirely unexpected by Mr. Griffith, for he immediately arose and began to plead a variety of reasons why he could not undertake so responsible a life-work. Mr. Draper, springing to his feet, cried out, "Flash in the pan if you dare, Brother Griffith! I tell you you must preach, or God will kill you!" So Enoch George recommended him, and he was received on trial in the Baltimore Conference, March 16, 1806, being at that time just twenty-three years of age. The ministry thus began was fearless, self-sacrificing, fruitful in an extraordinary

degree. As a preacher, his sermons were rich in thought. He reasoned with mathematical exactness. His ideas were expressed with laconic brevity and axiomatic force. He disdained the arts of cheap pulpit popularity, but the more thoughtful the hearer the more highly were his sermons esteemed. The atmosphere of sanctity surrounded him, and the unction of the Holy One rested on him. He was indeed a man of God, and God was with him.

John Davis then led the mind of the Baltimore Conference. He was a man of great native intellect, a strong debater, grave yet most winning. S. G. Roszel, once the strong man of the Conference—a preacher of amazing power—was now failing in strength. J. M. Hanson, who stood like a stone wall in earlier times in Baltimore against innovators on the economy of the Church, had ceased to take part in the effective ranks. John Bear, William Prettyman, and Robert Cadden, presiding elders, were men of mark, abundant in labors. Gerard Morgan, the great preacher

for many years through the Valley of Virginia, had just served on the Loudon Circuit, the grandest circuit or appointment of any kind in the Conference. Other strong and attractive preachers of some years' standing were there — James Sewell, James Reed, Tobias and James Riley. Among a class of preachers, younger yet gradually ascending in influence above the old men just named, was Henry Slicer, whose success on Potomac District had won attention. His preaching and revival labors, his tact and fearlessness in debate, his popular manners with the people, yet unyielding defense of Methodism, placed him most prominent. Opposite to him on most questions was John A. Collins, still younger, of still higher culture, affluent in thought, of strong analytical power, yet of imagination most fertile; in person pleasing, in vocal power, grace of manner, and oratory unequaled in the Conference. His masterly discourses of two hours' length at camp-meetings held congregations spell-bound. Yet he was a man often uneven in temper, subject to fearful de-

pressions, which marred the symmetry of his character. But when the Conference needed a strong advocate he was looked to; and if on the side of right, he was invincible. His position at the General Conference in 1844 was not the choice of his feelings or judgment—circumstances controlled him irrepressibly—and his great powers shone not as they would have done if he had been on the other side, and more in accord with the people he represented.

Besides, there was in that Conference, better known in the Church, South, Thomas B. Sargent, for whom Dr. Summers in after-life and till his death cherished such strong affection. Then there sat in that Conference others still younger, yet who in the future became the leading men of the body—N. J. B. Morgan, E. R. Vietch, J. A. Gore, G. G. Brooke, John Poisal, C. B. Tippett, and others since passed away. Of the Conference then of one hundred and forty, now, after the lapse of forty-seven years, only four in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal

Church remain, and only six in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

This Conference in which young Summers took his seat for the first time as a probationer was a strong body, in numbers equal to any other in the Connection.

All the business of the Conference was of interest to young Summers. Unlike some young probationers, who at first see at Conference nothing to interest them, and spend their time at the door or in the basement, Summers found interest and pleasure in every debate. The Baltimore Conference then had more speech-making and took a much longer time in doing little else than examining character than it does now. He was there to learn. In the examination of character then each preacher was subjected to a thorough scrutiny. At the call of his name he walked out of the house. The presiding elder first spoke to the case, then his colleague, then the preachers who had traveled near to him felt at liberty to speak. Then some brother who had been

with him at camp-meeting. Thus, sometimes at least half an hour was spent over a single name. If there was any thing good, it was sure to be brought out; if there was anywhere the “smell of fire” on him, it was sure to be scented.

The time approached for the call of the second question, “Who remain on trial?” Among others, the name of Thomas O. Summers was called. This to him was a trying time. The representation of his gifts and usefulness as a laborer on the Augusta Circuit was freely made by his presiding elder. That was not sufficient for old men like Roszel and Wells, who watched closely with others whether any improper young man should get into the body, and questions were freely propounded as to his health and willingness to endure hardship; whether any souls had been converted on his circuit; whether he observed private prayer, published and observed the fast on Friday before quarterly-meeting; met the classes after preaching, catechised the children, preached to the Negroes, was punctual to his appointments, plain

in his dress, and was particular to “talk sparingly with women” as the Discipline required; and whether he got up in time so as not to keep the people waiting for breakfast. To all these questions, severally put by as many aged veterans who had been passed through that mill—some not without “scratching”—Norval Wilson, with a grim smile upon his stern Roman face, answered in the affirmative; and then with a look and tone implying that those aged inquisitors were bent on needless questions, he respectfully asked whether his “aged brethren needed more information about the young man.” After a pause, the question then turned particularly on his examination before the Committee on the Course of Study prescribed by the General Conference, and that super-added by the Annual Conference itself. The first had been drawn up by Bishop Emory, and was hard enough, some judged, yet the Conference added more to it—at least advisory, if not mandatory.

Some who now complain of the hardness of the present Course of Study may be surprised

to learn that the course exacted by the Baltimore Conference at the time Summers appeared before the committee was as extensive on every thing relating to Biblical study, Methodist doctrine, discipline, Church history, and almost every thing else, as is required now in the course published by the Bishops. In this respect, Baltimore then stood almost alone in the Quarterly Conferences, many of them large bodies. The examination preparatory to granting license was very rigid—more so than now. The presiding elder was apt to magnify his office. „In the Baltimore City Station, so far was this rigidness carried that a young man applying for exhorter’s license was first subjected to a prescribed course of study, and after the examination, if successful, he was granted “*verbal* license” for six months; after which he was examined again, and if he passed he was “licensed in full.” Then for license to preach he was subjected to still further examination, and then another when he came up for recommendation to the Annual Conference. Under such stimulation from the Quarterly

Conferences, the Annual Conference was urged forward to the adoption of a Course of Study far beyond what had been required by the General Conference, or that required by other Annual Conferences.

CHAPTER X.

BALTIMORE AND WEST RIVER—A MISSIONARY CALL.

AT the close of his second year, Mr. Summers went up to Baltimore to attend the Annual Conference (March, 1837). He was ordained deacon, and appointed to the Baltimore City Station, with Griffith, Dorsey, McGee, and Richardson as his colleagues. The venerable Joseph Frye was supernumerary at the same station. The names of these men bring before us vividly those times when Methodism in all that region was militant, glowing and growing. During the two years he was in Baltimore, he tells us that “revivals were going on all the time.” Hundreds of converts were brought into the Church. He threw himself into the work with all his might, exhibiting activity and endurance that were surprising. It is said of him at this time that “he was specially zealous in attending to Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, disciplinary and temperance societies. He felt it to be his duty to visit his

flock from house to house --a laborious task-- and at the same time to lose no opportunity to improve his mind and fit himself more fully for his pulpit labors." He was at the same time a student and a revivalist, and his mental and pastoral development was rapid and also healthful. He was brought in contact with many of the leading men of the Church, and from them he learned all he could concerning its history and economy. Like a sponge, his mind absorbed all that touched it from every quarter, whether from men or books. And so it happened that Summers, as a self-taught student of theology, language, and general literature, made progress so rapid that he was an astonishment to his brethren. It seemed as if he could visit all day, work in a revival meeting until near midnight, read nearly all the remainder of the night, and then rise next day fresh, pushing, and exuberant as ever. He was indomitable and irrepressible, ready for every good word and work—a working man and a growing man in the full sense of the word. During these

two years, the development of his religious opinions, habits, and character continued under the most favorable circumstances, and the foundations were laid of that wide and accurate knowledge for which he became so distinguished in after years. But his too excessive labors began to tell on him at last, and it was well for him that his time in Baltimore was nearly out.

At the end of his two years' term in Baltimore, he was appointed to the West River Circuit—"the very place he would have chosen," he says. It was about forty miles from Baltimore, near Annapolis, on the Chesapeake. His colleague was the Rev. C. B. Young. His principal home was at the house of his excellent friend Dr. J. S. Owens. The Doctor and his wife completely won his admiration and regard.

West River Circuit was a pleasant field of labor to Summers. The work was comparatively light, the circuit being the most compact in the Conference. The salt breezes from the billowy Chesapeake reminded him of his own

Purbeck, and imparted new vigor to his body, worn down by two years of city station work. The Owenses gave him a home where he could unbend and rest and read, and the kind people fed him on the best that the "Eastern Shore," with its succulent oysters, delicate sora, savory shad, and other special luxuries of the table, could furnish. He recruited rapidly, and went to and fro on his little circuit with unwonted energy, preaching with power, and mixing with the people in his own peculiar way, with ready reproof for the erring, but the heartiest good will for all, and readiest sympathy for the sorrowing and the suffering.

While he was recovering his strength and building up his work, an incident occurred that came near ending his career. In company with his friends Drs. Owens and Petherbridge he had attended the laying of the foundation of a church in Calvert county, and had delivered an address on the occasion. Nothing had occurred to excite his mind unduly during the day; yet a little after midnight he sprung from the bed, where Dr. Petherbridge was sleeping by

his side, rushed to the window, lifted the sash, and sprung out! It was a great jump he made, reaching the ground at a distance of eighteen feet perpendicular and sixteen feet projectile. The two physicians were instantly at his side. Though he was very badly hurt, his mind was not affected. He asked to be taken back to his bed, where upon examination they found that the right forearm was broken and the wrist sprained, his right foot broken and the joint sprained; and, it was thought, the spinal cord broken also. The doctors gave significant hints to each other that the injuries were mortal. He told them to conceal nothing; he was prepared to hear the worst. They told him they feared that in a few minutes he must die. We let him tell in his own words how this affected him:

My mind instantly laid hold of the great fundamentals of Christianity, as if to feel whether or not I could find solid bottom in crossing the flood of death. All was right. Filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, I could say,

I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

Tears of gratitude started from my eyes. I could then

easily have died. That hour of bodily anguish was the happiest of my life.

I presently realized certain motions which I knew depended on the integrity of the spinal column, and stated the fact to my medical friends, who greatly rejoiced. The words of the psalmist were impressed on my mind: "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death."

For weeks he lay in great suffering, part of the time not able to be moved at all. After the broken bones were knit together and his back somewhat restored—the splints and the plaster still on him—he was carried to the churches, where in this condition he preached to the people. Their kind hearts were touched, their sympathies were drawn forth, their attentions were unremitting, and their prayers for him were fervent.

But the good people on West River were a little suspicious of their too agile pastor. He noticed that the windows in the rooms where he slept from time to time were securely nailed down, so that if he should have another terrifying dream, and should wish to make his

escape by the window, such a mode of egress might be prevented.

From the effects of that leap from his bedroom window he never fully recovered, though to the casual observer his tough and elastic constitution showed little trace of the injury received.

From the time that Dr. Ruter went to Texas, Mr. Summers felt an interest in that new mission-field. The gallant and successful struggle of the Texans for independence; the romantic halo around the names of Houston, Crockett, Fanning, Travis, and their compatriots; the vastness of the territory of the new republic, and the certainty of its future greatness—all these considerations had affected the popular imagination, and Texas was in everybody's thought and speech. The adventurous flocked thither, drawn by the fascination of novelty and danger; the unfortunate sought it in hope of mending their broken fortunes; and some who had overstepped the boundaries of the law, and of social good standing, fled to hide their shame and make a fresh start for

better living amid new associations; or, if hardened in viciousness, to give themselves up to the license of frontier life.

He was always responsive to popular excitements, and now he caught the Texas fever. Loud calls were made at this time (1839) for missionaries to that field, and he informed Bishop Waugh that he was willing to go if no one else would. The Bishop thought that work would be too rough for him, and told him if he was willing to be a missionary he had better go to Buenos Ayres, begging him to think and pray seriously about it. He did so; and after mature thought and earnest prayer, he told the Bishop he was willing to go. Whereupon the Bishop appointed him to Buenos Ayres for ten years, the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society approving the appointment.

The winter following he spent in Washington City. After preaching one morning at the Foundry, a brother remarked, "So, you are going to Texas?"

"No; to South America," was the reply.

“You are appointed to Galveston,” rejoined the brother.

“No; to Buenos Ayres.”

“Well,” said the brother, “I saw your name published in the *Western Christian Advocate*, in connection with the Texas Mission.”

Stepping into Dr. Sewall’s, they found the paper, which gave the appointment as the brother had stated. A day or two after, the mystery was explained in a letter from Bishop Waugh, who had written to Bishop Andrew that Mr. Summers was willing to go on a mission, without stating that he had already appointed him to one. The latter Bishop, presiding at the Mississippi Conference, wanted a man for Galveston, and without ceremony put Summers down for that place. Bishop Waugh left him to decide between the two appointments. He chose Galveston, believing that Providence pointed that way.

The next session of the Baltimore Conference was held in Georgetown, March, 1840. The Rev. George G. Cookman was then stationed in Washington City. He had been from

their first meeting the fast friend of Summers, and now prevailed on him with two other brethren to speak at his missionary meeting in Wesley Chapel. The Rev. Robert Emory (since Dr. Emory, President of Dickinson College, whose early death sent a pang of sorrow through the Church) was one of the speakers. He advocated the claims of South America. The Rev. J. M. Jones, who was born in England and educated in France for the priesthood, and was converted from popery at a camp-meeting, was another speaker. He advocated the claims of France, to which country he wished to be sent as a missionary. Summers, whose heart was fired with enthusiasm for Texas, was the third speaker, and he made an urgent plea for that opening field. The climax of the meeting was reached in the closing speech by Cookman, who swept the chords of the hearts of the audience with extraordinary power.

The memory of Cookman lingers in the Church like the dying cadences of a sweet strain of music. Light and graceful in form,

with keen, bright eyes, sharp, clear-cut features, a spiritual face, clear, sonorous voice, bold and startling imagery, and glowing soul, with a mind active and cultured, he was a great preacher. But it was as a platform speaker that he reached the highest point of effectiveness. He was one of the many Englishmen providentially directed to this country for special service in the cause of Christ. He was born in Yorkshire in 1800. In 1821 he came to America on business, and while here was impressed that he ought to preach the gospel. On his return voyage to England the vessel was caught in a fearful storm. When all hope seemed to be lost, the conviction flashed across his mind that he must preach the gospel—and that, too, in America. Then and there he solemnly gave himself to that work. On reaching his home in England, he preached with great acceptance as a local preacher. His kindred and friends—his father, especially—opposed his return to America. Still he felt the movings of the Holy Spirit, and remembered his vow in the storm,

and he could not rest. He felt that he must go, and his father—a good man and a Methodist—at length assented, saying, “You must go, George, for I see clearly that the Spirit calls, and I must yield.” He landed at Philadelphia May 16, 1825. He was at the next session of the Philadelphia Conference received on trial as a traveling preacher. He was successively appointed to Kensington Station, Lancaster Circuit, New Brunswick Station, and Newark, New Jersey. In 1833 he was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and was two years in each of the stations of Baltimore City, Carlisle, and Wesley Chapel in Washington City, and one year in Alexandria. During the last two years of this period he was chaplain to the United States Senate. The eminent and intellectual men that waited upon his ministry were charmed with the young chaplain’s eloquence, and won by his humility and zeal. He held prayer-meetings at his own house on Saturday evenings, for the special benefit of the members of Congress. At least one of these—a man of great gifts and high distinction

—was converted at these meetings. His catholic spirit drew all classes to him, and opened their hearts to hear the word of the Lord from his lips. A characteristic passage from one of his speeches, delivered at a Bible society meeting at Brunswick, New Jersey, will illustrate both his spirit and his style:

“I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain? Let, then, our Bible societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy’s frontier as bulwarks of defense. Let them be military magazines well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition, general rallying-points for the whole army, and strongholds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath-schools be military academies, in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the tract societies be as so many shot-

houses for the manufacture of that small but useful material.

“Having, sir, thus disposed of the outworks, let us endeavor to arrange the army.

“Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers.

“And as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the center in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon’s tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which, we doubt not, they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries.

“But, sir, we want artillery-men. Whom

shall we employ? The light field-pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy of their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and 'Onward' is the watch-word. Let us give no quarter; we fight for death or victory.

"At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movement. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillery-men mingle in one indiscriminate mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under his local colors, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other or disordering the ranks.

“Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach, that we recommend to others what we practice not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

“And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their center!

“Sir, it was at the close of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times that a celebrated military chieftain, from his point of observation, saw with deepest anxiety the shattered remains of his noble army ready to sink under the protracted fatigue of a three days' fight. At this eventful crisis he summons around him his council of officers. ‘Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘these brave fellows can hold out no longer.’ Pulling out his watch, ‘Gentlemen, it now wants fifteen minutes of six o'clock. If the Prussians do not arrive before six o'clock, I must sound a retreat. Gentle-

men, to your positions.' He stood—he looked at his watch—he looked to the field—he looked upward to heaven, and implored help from the great Arbiter of battles. It was an awful moment. Minute succeeded to minute. His hard-earned laurels, the honor of his country, the destinies of Europe, hung trembling in the balance. At length the cry bursts on his listening ear, 'The Prussians are coming!' He starts from his knees, he flings away his watch, he cries, 'All 's well—the day is ours!' Sir, let us keep the field, maintain our position, do our duty, and all will be well—the day shall be ours.

"Before I sit down, I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavor to describe this diabolical spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked, and altogether of a very unsavory countenance. His name, sir, is 'Bigotry.' He seldom travels in daylight,

but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptious as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors 'to sow arrows, fire-brands, and death' in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing he makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood—for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning.

"Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay. I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he

dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalian will open upon him a double-flanked battery; and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a whole round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!"

After the lapse of fourteen years, Mr. Cookman determined to return to England to receive the blessing of his aged father, and to visit the grave of his mother. Did he feel a presentiment of his mysterious fate? A few days before embarking, he said to his children: "Now, boys, remember, if your father should sink in the ocean, his soul will go direct to the paradise of God, where you must all meet him." He left New York in the steam-ship *President*, and has not been heard of since. The secret will be kept until the earth and the sea give up their dead at the judgment-day.

Summers always considered the acquaint-

ance and friendship of Cookman as one of the brightest and most sacred reminiscences of his life, and carried with him to the grave the undimmed image of that sweet-spirited and brilliant young preacher.

CHAPTER XI.

HE GOES TO TEXAS.

THE General Conference was held in Baltimore, May, 1840. Mr. Summers gratified his curiosity and enlarged his knowledge of Methodist men and Methodist affairs by being present at the Conference. He was a close observer, and his remarkable memory held all that he saw and heard; but we have no record of his impressions of that venerable body.

At the close of the session Summers went to his work in Texas. He finished that year in Galveston. The next two years he was in Galveston and Houston, alternating every fortnight. The year 1843 he was stationed in Houston.

These were four busy, fruitful years. He crowded into them a vast amount of labor, for he was always at work, and always put his full strength into all that he did. Excursions were made by him into all parts of Texas, from the Sabine to the Colorado, and from the coast to

the mountains, attending camp-meetings and Conferences. "I was," said he, speaking of this period in his life, "permitted to labor extensively, and to witness the conversion of many souls." That form of expression is significant of the times—the conversion of souls was usually no quiet, easy matter in that new country, among that rough, restless population. The camp-ground was a battle-field, the powers of darkness were assaulted with sermons and songs and shouts. Sons of thunder fulminated truth from the "preachers' stand," penitents wrestled in real agonies of soul, and converts, passing suddenly from darkness to light, rejoiced aloud with exceeding joy. Though his own conversion was of a different type, Summers fairly reveled in scenes like these. The intensity of his nature responded to methods that pushed the question of salvation by Jesus Christ to a quick conclusion. The Methodism that was shaped in Maryland and Virginia was tempered at a white heat in these Texas camp-meetings. He was confirmed in his belief in a present, free, and full salva-

tion for all who seek the Lord with purpose of heart. Among his co-laborers was that mighty man of God, Robert Alexander, towering like Saul a head and shoulders above his brethren, a born leader and a true minister of the gospel; Orceneth Fisher, the fervid evangelist and wonderful orator, who could make the stoutest sinner quail as in sight and hearing of the flame and thunder of Sinai, and melt as in the very presence of the dying Saviour on Calvary; J. W. P. McKenzie, the preacher and school-master who won the hearts of the young and old to himself, and then led them to Jesus—and others, whose names are sinking out of sight, but whose work the great day will declare.

In 1842, Mr. Summers made a tour through the United States, going as far as New York; and in 1843, another, not so extensive, to procure funds to build churches in Galveston and Houston. While on this service he visited Vicksburg when the yellow fever was raging in that city. He took the fever, which developed itself after he had preached at a camp-

meeting twelve miles from the city. It was Saturday, and not until Sunday afternoon was it known that he had the fever. He was then taken to the residence of Mr. Lum, close by. The best physicians were sent for, and about a dozen attended him. They said he must die. The Rev. C. K. Marshall and other friends gathered around his bed, and wept, sung, prayed, and commended his soul to God. He was calm and resigned, though not ecstatic. "After awhile," he said, "I thought I would recover. The medicines given me were of the most powerful kind; their effects were supplemented by a gracious Providence, and I slowly recovered." Faith was an undoubted factor in the solution of the case—so he believed.

Resuming his journey—perhaps too soon—he reached Natchez, and was again thrown into his bed, very sick. Again recovering, he went to Woodville and preached; thence to New Orleans; thence to Galveston, relapsing on the way, and reaching the last-named place in a most pitiable bodily plight.

But he was full of joy, having succeeded in

his object. The money was obtained; the churches were built and paid for "within a fraction" before he left Texas. He called the church in Galveston "Ryland Chapel," in honor of his venerable friend the Rev. William Ryland, of Washington City, who gave him eighteen hundred dollars toward its erection. That in Houston was the first brick church in Texas.

During part of the time that Mr. Summers was in Galveston and Houston there were no other ministers in those cities, so that he was the preacher for all denominations of Christians, toward whom he showed a brotherly spirit that was heartily appreciated and reciprocated by them.

That he had his full share of difficulties and troubles while in Texas, we are certain enough. The only record concerning them, however, is found in these words written by himself: "At that time, it may be supposed, I experienced some trials in Texas, which was then in its transition state. These, however, it is not necessary to detail."

On the arrival of Bishop Andrew, the week following his own, Mr. Summers resolved to go with him to Conference. This journey to the Conference, as described by the Bishop, has the true flavor of the old times:

“According to custom, I set about inquiring for ways and means to reach the Conference. In the afternoon, I received a note from Brother Summers, the stationed minister in Houston, who had been on a visit to the *States*, where he had been ill with yellow fever, and on his way home had relapsed some two or three times. He had reached Galveston; but his state of health compelled him to pause till he should recruit a little. I called to see him, and found him sadly wasted in appearance, though in good spirits, and fully bent on going with me to Conference. But how were we to get there? this was the next question. There were two or three ways suggested; one was to go by boat up the Trinity River, by which means we understood we should land within some ten or fifteen miles of the Conference, where we might procure horses if we could, and if we could not,

take it afoot—no pleasant job, by the way, in a country completely under water. But then, the boat was not in port, and might not start directly—indeed, she might be a fortnight going to our landing-point. Another plan was, to take steam-boat to Houston, distant ninety miles by water, and some fifty by land; from thence we should have to go on horseback to the Conference, a distance of some eighty or ninety miles. But could we procure horses? This was questionable; but then there was no alternative. Brother Summers thought he could borrow, and if not, we must purchase; but then, could we sell again on our return? This was still more doubtful.

“While we were still in doubt, the steamer from Houston made her appearance, and we ascertained she was to leave again in a few hours, on her return; so we at once decided to return in her, and forthwith made our arrangements for a prompt and unceremonious departure. It was raining, and the wind was blowing a stiff breeze when we went aboard; yet we were soon under way. The wind increased so

that by eight or nine o'clock we were struggling under the pressure of a full-grown gale. The bay was exceedingly rough, and our boat pitched at a terrible rate; and, as she was not by any means a new craft, but had seen many years' service, we were not without some ground for apprehension. Our captain, however, was skillful and prudent; we cast anchor under Cedar Point, and with the blessing of Providence rode out the gale in safety.

"We then weighed anchor and pursued our way, and the next morning by breakfast-time, we were in Houston, named in honor of the hero of San Jacinto, the present chief magistrate of the Republic. The city is laid out on the banks of the Buffalo Bayou, a small river, or rather a large creek, which has a depth of channel sufficient for moderate-sized steamers; but it is so narrow that at many points I should judge it was impossible for two boats to pass each other. The town has rather a business appearance; at least, there are plentiful arrangements for business in the way of houses and signs. Its founders, like those engaged in

establishing cities in our own country, turned prophets, and their visions were all of the future greatness of their nursling. As a matter of course, speculation ran high, and property sold at unreasonable prices. The large predictions of its greatness have not been realized. Still it had advantages sufficient to render it a place of considerable trade, provided there was capital enough under the direction of a discreet public spirit. It was the most convenient point for the traffic of an extensive region of fertile country in the interior; but the proper measures have not been taken to secure and perpetuate these advantages. The roads during the winter are scarcely passable at all for heavily loaded cotton-wagons. The streams are not bridged, so that the people in the interior are seeking new channels of communication with the coast. Small steamers are now plying regularly on the Trinity River, thus securing to Galveston a good deal of the trade which formerly centered at Houston, and the planters on the bottoms of the Brazos will probably find it more convenient to communicate directly

with the same sea-port, by means of either steam-boats or flat-boats.

"Had there been a tolerable and certain communication established with Houston by means of a passable turnpike or a canal, it would long have continued to command the trade of this fertile region; but on my way from Houston, I passed a whole company of wagons encamped at Little Cypress, about thirty miles from Houston, many of which had been lying there two weeks, when one week's work with twenty hands would have thrown a good bridge across the stream; and at Johnson's Bayou, only nine miles from town, wagons are frequently detained a day or two, when ten hands could put up a good bridge in three days. These are only given as specimens; and whether it results from want of spirit or want of money, the effect is the same. The town, I suppose, contains some two thousand inhabitants, who are said to be friendly and hospitable. I noticed grog-shops in great abundance, and I fear they do a prosperous business. They have a Catholic church, and there is also a

house of worship for Presbyterians. The Methodists have a very neat brick chapel nearly finished, for which we are mainly indebted to the indefatigable labors of Brother Summers, and the liberality of our friends in the States. The Episcopalians have a minister—apparently a very clever, gentlemanly man—who is exerting considerable influence here, and I should judge from report was quite exemplary and pious in his deportment. The Presbyterians were without a pastor. Of the Methodist society I ought to speak more particularly, but can only say they are not numerous, and there is but little of this world's wealth among them. They have, however, some pious spirits, and it is confidently hoped when they get their church finished and have a minister stately among them that they will experience enlarged prosperity. Beyond all doubt, there is great need for a deep, a thorough, a sweeping revival of religion in Houston; for in addition to the usual evil influences exerted against what is holy, they have here more of infidelity, subtle, organized, and bold-

ly blasphemous, than I have met in any place of its size in all my journeyings. May God graciously visit Houston with a mighty revival of religion, and that right soon!

“Well, we applied ourselves right diligently to preparation for our journey to Conference. Two or three times we thought our borrowing arrangements were complete, when they were suddenly broken in upon by some unexpected failure; at length, however, we supposed all complete, and made our arrangements for a start on Friday morning, everybody warning us not to attempt it, as the thing was utterly impracticable, the whole country being completely inundated. To all these boding prophecies we had one uniform answer: It is our duty to *try*, and *try we will*. But when Friday morning came it was raining, and it seemed to me almost murderous to take my *determined* companion out on such a journey in such weather, so I concluded to wait till next day. Accordingly we waited till Saturday, hoping for better times; but Saturday morning came, and it was raining still, so we resolved to

take the journey, for better or worse, for wet or dry.

“On Saturday morning, by eleven o’clock, our arrangements were all complete, and we were under way for the Conference. Our company consisted of Brother Summers, Brother Shearn, an English gentleman, a resident of Houston, and myself. Brother Summers left his bed to mount his horse. I opposed it, but with a genuine John Bull obstinacy, or, as he called it, resolute perseverance, he went ahead. We were all mounted on borrowed nags, and one of them came very near being drowned in crossing the bayou just at the city. However, we saved her, and she did good service afterward. For the first three or four miles, our road lay through a slip of pine-woods, after which we entered upon an open prairie, which continued for nearly forty miles. Nine miles from town we came to the first creek, which we had been warned would be impassable. We crossed it, however, safely, the water reaching about to the saddle-skirts. It was now about three o’clock, and four hours’ assiduous travel

had brought us nine miles. From this to the next house on our route was about fourteen miles. This was our only chance for a night's lodging, unless we took it in the open prairie, and if we had attempted this with all the appliances of wood and fire, we could not have found in all that distance dry ground enough to encamp on; so we had but one of three alternatives—to stop at Johnson's, sleep in the prairie on horseback, or go on to Big Cypress. We chose the last, and pushed ahead. As we anticipated, night overtook us long before we reached our destination. The whole prairie was afloat; the water, most of the time, was from knee-deep to the saddle-skirts, and occasionally we charged a 'sloo,' which gave our feet a taste of cold water. To add to our trouble, we were strangers to the road. Brother Summers had indeed traveled it once, but it had been some time since, and as it was a pretty dark night, we felt ourselves in some danger of getting lost, which would not have been by any means the most desirable thing which could have happened to us. It had been

cloudy all day, and still the clouds predominated; but here and there a small patch of twinkling stars were visible in the blue vault above us, affording the only light which shone on our watery way; and save the sound of our horses' feet splashing in the water, the shrill whoop of the crane, or the noise of numerous flocks of wild geese and ducks, which were startled at our approach, there was no sound to break in upon the gloomy silence of the scene around us, unless we chose to keep our own voices employed, which we did pretty freely by way of cheering each other's spirits. Long and anxiously did we look out for some light ahead of us which might indicate the locality of our inn; but repeated disappointments had brought us all to the conclusion that the folks behind us were miserable hands at calculating distances. Finally, however, when we were just in the neighborhood of getting a little ill-natured, the light appeared in the distance. We pushed ahead with new life, and at length rode up to a house on the bank of a large stream of water. I gave the usual salu-

tations, and was informed we could lodge there all night, but when I proposed, in order to avoid the mud, to ride up to the steps and dismount, a voice of warning from within admonished me not to attempt it, unless I wanted to 'bog down.' And as I had no particular desire for so deep an acquaintance with the mysteries of Texan mud, we dismounted at the gate and trudged our way into the house as best we could. We found a good blazing fire on the hearth, and we were wet, muddy, weary, and hungry, so that we enjoyed the comforts of the fire, and were ready for the supper; and I was glad to see that even our invalid was prepared to join us in doing ample justice to the good woman's fried pork, corn-bread, and sweet potatoes; and when, after offering up in the family our evening devotions at the throne of grace, we retired to our beds, we were prepared for a comfortable night's sleep, although my bed was not the softest, nor was the bedstead long enough for me to stretch myself; however, I have long since learned to accommodate myself to circumstances; accordingly I

made shift to deposit myself in such wise as to be able to procure needful repose, and arose the next morning refreshed, in good health, and with a heart deeply conscious of my obligations to my Almighty Preserver, and grateful for his constant care over me ever since I was born.

“Our landlady had followed the fortunes of her husband and settled in Texas long before the war of independence. During that struggle they had been obliged to fly before the invading Mexicans. After the war was over, they returned to their home, where, in the course of the last two or three years, she had buried her husband, and was now a widow. She had several children, and was possessed of a good deal of that sort of property which constituted so large a portion of patriarchal wealth—she was ‘rich’ in cattle. Of course, there was not much of refinement or polish about her, yet she possessed sterling goodness of heart. Her house was a preaching-place, where the itinerant preachers stately held forth the word of life, and she herself was a member of this lit-

tle Church in the wilderness. After prayer and breakfast, we resumed our journey. We had the Cypress to cross, which was now become quite a formidable stream. We could not, of course, attempt to ford it, so we had to cross it in a sort of temporary flat, which had been hastily put together to enable travelers to cross this otherwise (in its present circumstances) impassable stream. Our boat lay at anchor some twenty yards from the shore. We had, consequently, to ride in till we reached it, when we made our horses spring into it; and after navigating some fifty yards, they had to jump out again to enable our clumsy little craft to pass over the shallows for some thirty yards, when our ponies had to submit to a compulsory embarkation a second time—after which we accomplished the remainder of our voyage over the Cypress without further interruption. Six miles farther on, we came to another creek called Little Cypress. Here we found a dozen wagons encamped, some of which had been lying here a fortnight, unable to cross the stream. There was a small raft made of poles tied to-

gether, on which we crossed and carried over our baggage—our horses we drove across. Our raft was barely large enough to carry two, so that my feet were wet before I was mounted again. From this creek we had a ride of nine miles to the Widow M——'s, at whose house we intended to remain till next morning. Our road lay over an undulating prairie, through which the recent rains had washed large gullies, along which the water was roaring and foaming quite after the manner of the wet-weather branches among our hills in Georgia. The morning was cloudy and calm, and as our road was an unfrequented path, a herd of seven or eight deer started up, and went bounding away. These were the first deer that I had seen in the Republic, though after this I met with them in larger or smaller herds every mile or two during this morning's ride. The wild geese, too, were more abundant than I ever saw them. We were scarcely ever out of sight of them, and were constantly startling them from their feeding grounds, so that, with their cackling and the whizzing of their wings, they

kept us in music during our morning's ride. Should I say that we saw several thousand during our ride of nine miles, I think that I should not at all exaggerate. Between twelve and one o'clock we reached our point, and took up our quarters till next morning.

"We were hospitably entertained by the good lady who kept the house. She, too, had come from 'the States,' and had settled here in early times, and had for some years buried her husband. She had several children, most of them boys, and nearly all grown up. Her house was also a preaching-place, and the good woman was a Methodist of some sort, but whether she belonged to the Episcopal or Protestant Methodists was not quite clear—nor did the old lady seem to think it a matter of much consequence. There was something about this good woman which impressed me very strongly—a woman of stout frame and quite masculine in her disposition and manners, long accustomed to the scenes of a wild and frontier life, she had contracted a fearlessness of expression and manner, which told you

at once that she was afraid of nothing. She was, withal, quite patriotic. She told me that in the war of independence she had only one son who could 'go to the wars;' and that during the last round of Mexican invasion, a year or two since, she was only sorry that the 'Mexicans' had not waited two or three years more before they began it; 'because,' said she, 'in the other war I had only one soldier, but by that time I should have had five or six soldiers of my own little making to fight for my country.' I understand there are many such mothers in Texas. It seems to me the sons of such mothers would be hard to conquer.

"On Monday morning, after breakfast, we were again on the road. We crossed Spring Creek, and left the great prairie through which we had been traveling, and entered upon a poor country of sand-hills and rapid creeks, some of which we barely escaped swimming. We traveled more than twenty miles without seeing anybody, or passing a single human habitation, insomuch that we began to fear we had missed our way, which would have been an

uncomfortable affair in these solitary, uninhabited barrens. At length we came to a plantation, and some distance up the creek saw houses, toward which we urged our way, hoping to obtain information as to our route; but at these there was no human being to be started, although the smoke was still ascending from the chimney, and two lazy dogs were on duty as sentinels. This was a sore disappointment to us. After consulting awhile, we resolved on our course, which, in a mile or two, brought us to a house at which we obtained directions from a servant, who told us the way to an Indian village a few miles distant, where he said we would receive instruction in the way to our place of destination. After riding a couple of miles, we came to a miserable muddy-looking creek. After working our way through the mud and cane for several hundred yards, we emerged from the swamp, and saw on the hill before us the wigwams of an Indian village. It consisted of some half a dozen huts, made, I suppose, pretty much in the primitive aboriginal style. The village was inhabited by

about thirty souls, the sole remnant of the Bedeye nation. We saw nobody, except two or three little children who could not understand, or at any rate gave no reply to any of our questions. Brothers Shearn and Summers dismounted, and went into several of the huts, in one of which they found a very aged Indian man, lying on a bed raised from the earth a little by boards; on these were spread some cane-tops, and over them a few deer skins. The old man was very sick, and told them that he should die. He added that his son had been killed during the previous year by some of his own tribe, and he showed them a certificate of his own character from some officer of the Republic. Poor old Pilot, he had none to care for him; his child had been murdered by his own people, and now that he was dying none of his countrymen were near him to minister to his wants. Such is paganism.

“We left the village with such directions as the poor old man could give us, and after missing our way two or three times found ourselves at the house of Sister McRae, formerly of Ala-

bama, who gave us a most cordial Christian welcome. She was an old acquaintance of Brother Summers, and withal a most excellent, warm-hearted Methodist. Her children were, I think, nearly all of them converted and in the Church, and one of her sons was class-leader of the society in the neighborhood. We spent a very pleasant night with this good family, and the next morning after breakfast we resumed our march for the seat of the Conference, distant now about thirty miles. One of the young men went with us to pilot us through Lake Creek Swamp, one of the worst in our route, and which we had been dreading all the way. We found it an ugly affair, but under the direction of our excellent guide, we passed in safety to the hills on the other side, when our pilot left us. We passed some fine land in the neighborhood of Lake Creek. In about five miles, we passed Montgomery Court-house —quite a picayune town. We rode about fifteen miles through a country the most of which was hilly and poor, with now and then a miserable muddy creek, whose banks were so steep

as to be almost impassable, and their swamps affording some of the finest specimens of very bad roads. When we reached the San Jacinto—a small but very rapid river, which was swimming full, and might not be attempted on horseback—we carried our luggage over on a log, and drove our horses across the stream. After as little delay as possible, we were again in the saddle, and a ride of five miles more brought us to Robinson's settlement, in which the Conference was to meet. Brother Summers and myself were conducted to the house of young Brother Robinson, with whom we were to lodge, and where we found ourselves associated with the brethren, Fowler, Clark, Alexander, and Wilson—all old friends whom I had known in other days, and whom I was greatly rejoiced to take by the hand here in this far-off country."

Of the return trip the good Bishop also gives us this account:

"When I left Galveston, it was understood that the *Neptune* was to return to that port so as to leave for New Orleans on the twenty-

second of December; accordingly my arrangements were all made in view of reaching Galveston on my return so as to take that opportunity of returning to the United States. To accommodate my wishes, the preachers of the Conference hastened their adjournment a few hours earlier than they would otherwise have done, though not till all the Conference business had been gone through with. On Monday, about eleven o'clock, we concluded our labors, and were ready for our march toward the coast. And now we are off, let us take a brief survey of the neighborhood in which we had held our session. It is called Robinson's settlement—taking its name from old Brother Robinson, who came here and settled during the days of Mexican domination. The old gentleman is quite the patriarch of the neighborhood—an honest, industrious, pious man, who has raised a considerable family of children. These are happily walking in the footsteps of their venerable father.

“The Methodists have quite a respectable society in the neighborhood; and although

some of us may have had a mile or two to go to the Conference each day, yet we were entertained with the utmost cordiality and hospitality. There is a good deal of pretty good-looking land in the vicinity. The San Jacinto River ran within four or five miles of the Conference-room, and the Trinity was distant some fifteen or twenty miles.

“In consequence of the continued rains which had fallen during the Conference, it was judged necessary to take a different route from the one traveled by us as we came up; accordingly we directed our course higher up the country, by which our distance was considerably increased—but the chances of crossing the water-courses were greatly multiplied. Our party consisted of Brothers Summers and Johnson—a local preacher who lived a day’s journey on our way—Brothers Porter and Zuber, and myself. A ride of some eight or nine miles brought us to the San Jacinto, which we soon ascertained was swimming full, so we drove our horses across, and we passed ourselves on a log—but the tree was a small one, and its trunk was not suffi-

ciently long to reach across the stream, so that for a part of the way we had to depend on the limbs. Fortunately for me, there was some one to take my baggage over, or I know not but that I might have felt the bottom of the San Jacinto. As it was, we all got over safely, and were soon remounted and on our way again. A ride of a mile or two brought us to the house of Brother Porte—*a brother of the Rev. E. R. Porter, of Mississippi*—at whose hospitable cabin we dined and prayed, and then resumed our journey. There is some beautiful prairie land in the neighborhood of the San Jacinto. A ride of some ten miles brought us to the house of Brother Zuber, whose son had been with us from the Conference. The old gentleman was formerly of Georgia, where he still has many relatives. We were received very cordially, and had the best treatment which the house could afford. The old gentleman, however, made rather an uncomfortable announcement, *viz.*, that they had no coffee either in the house or in the neighborhood. This was a sad state of things in a Texan family;

for, be it understood, in Texas coffee is regarded an essential article for housekeeping—whatever else is lacking, there must be coffee, or every thing is out of joint. As to sugar or milk, except in the towns, we found neither the one nor the other in more than one or two houses in all our route. From the gloomy foreboding of a coffeeless supper we were relieved by our kind hostess, who told us she knew where to find coffee—and sure enough, it was forth-coming at our supper-table. We passed a pleasant evening with this kind-hearted family, and after prayer and praise retired to rest. The next morning we were soon at the mercy-seat, and after an early breakfast were again in our saddles and on our way homeward.

“During the forenoon our road lay through a more thickly settled country, much of which was fertile, affording many beautiful situations for buildings, beautiful undulating prairie, interspersed with groves of post-oak, promising an abundant supply of wood and timber. During part of the day, however, we held our way

through a broken sand-hill country, with very little semblance of cultivation or improvement. In the afternoon we again encountered some very fine prairie land through which we urged our way with great difficulty and toil, in consequence of the deep and tenacious mud which opposed our progress at every step. After a very heavy ride of about forty miles, at night-fall we reached the house of Captain Goheen, who bid us a kindly welcome to his cabin, and the best fare it afforded. We found him a plain, industrious man of some intelligence. He had been a soldier in the Texan army, and, of course, was a large land-holder. He expressed some regret that he had received no wound in the service of his country, as in that event he would have been entitled to a large additional gratuity of land. Mrs. Goheen seemed to be an industrious, clever, hospitable woman, and a member of our Church. The next morning after breakfast we were again in the saddle and wending our way toward Houston. Our kind host would take no pay, and only gave us the usual Texas charge, 'Call

again.' The morning was calm and partially cloudy. After traveling a short distance, we espied several deer near our path, and as they were starting up very frequently, I concluded to note the number, and in riding six miles I counted thirty-eight of them. We were almost constantly in view of small herds of these beautiful creatures, and I was greatly amused in witnessing their movements. They would stand still and gaze on us till we approached within some fifty yards of them, when they would move gracefully off, till they supposed themselves out of harm's way, then they would stop and carelessly commence feeding, or, as if by way of defiance to us, begin to play with each other. Beautiful creatures! I should scarcely have had the heart to shoot you if I had been armed; I was too much interested in your agility and graceful movements. At some seasons of the year, when the water in the prairies is dried up, they assemble in large numbers about the creeks in the edge of the timber—sometimes, I understood, to the number of one hundred and fifty in a drove. Indeed, a gen-

ttleman who traveled with us informed me that in the country west of the Colorado he had seen five hundred of them together. A young man who lived in the prairie told me of a method of shooting them, which to me at least had the recommendation of novelty. When the hunter sees a deer which he wishes to kill, he takes his rifle and creeps along under cover of the high grass till he gets within proper distance; he then strikes the ground several times violently with his fist, and then raises his hand, which he holds up for some time. The curiosity of the unsuspecting animal is by this means arrested, and he gradually approaches nearer and nearer to the uplifted hand till he has approached within shooting distance, when the unerring rifle carries the messenger of death to the unwary victim of an unfortunate curiosity.

“On our way, we passed some wagons which we had left at Little Cypress ten days before, during which time they had advanced *nine miles*. We crossed the above-named stream about twelve o’clock, and found it considera-

bly fallen, so that we crossed it this time without swimming or rafting. When we reached the Big Cypress, we found that also lower than when we passed; but this was all the worse for us, as the boat could not come to its former landing-place, and we were consequently compelled, after waiting a long while to ascertain the ferryman's whereabouts, to ride for nearly a quarter of a mile into the swamp—the water frequently to the saddle-skirts. At last we espied a boatman and his craft leisurely awaiting us, it not being convenient for him to navigate any farther in the direction whence we came. We compelled our jaded ponies to embark, and in due time we all safely reached the opposite shore. It was late and we were tired, so that there was some temptation to stop for the night, especially as we were just entering our fourteen-mile stretch; but then I expected the steamer to leave Houston next day for Galveston, where I hoped to embark in the Neptune for New Orleans; and if I failed I might be detained from home a week or two longer, and this would be a sad disappoint-

ment both to my family and myself; for now that my tour of duty was accomplished, and my face was set homeward, the attractions that belong to that charmed circle were grown very strong.

“Accordingly, I resolved to proceed to Johnson’s, fourteen miles ahead. As we anticipated, dark overtook us long before we reached our destination, and a more cheerless night ride I do not recollect to have had in many years. The night was dark, and although the water on the prairies had subsided a good deal since our upward trip, yet the mud was not a whit more favorable to our progress. Add to this that our horses were almost broken down, and their riders were in but little better plight. We were in a bad mood for song or anecdote; nor did my sprightly friend seem much inclined to any sort of philosophical disquisition. In fact, the only problem in physical or mental philosophy which troubled us much was, how far it might be to Johnson’s; whether our horses would hold out to carry us there; what sort of a chance it would be after we got

there. We were discussing that part of the problem which relates to distance, and had pretty satisfactorily proved to ourselves that we must be very near our inn, when we encountered a camp of wagons. We eagerly inquired, 'How far to Johnson's?' and I leave my readers to judge of our feelings when it was replied, 'About four miles.' Alas! four miles yet to go! It was a perfect damper, but it was no use to fret--so on we went, with a sort of desperate resignation to our fate. After many a weary step, at length we came close to a little twinkling light, which we found to proceed from our long-sought resting-place, Johnson's tavern. We dismounted, and took possession of the fire-place, for we were both wet and fatigued. The good people gave us supper, and for the first time since we left Houston, my friend's appetite did not serve him; however, we got through our supper and found our way to bed.

"And now a word or two as to our house and its accommodations, in order to give my reader some view of the comforts of our condition.

The house was built partly of brick, partly of wood; the floor partly of brick, and partly of dirt; the whole of it level with the surface of the ground. It stood on the banks of Johnson's Bayou, and that had very recently overflowed its banks, and had invaded the house itself, so that the old lady told me they had to 'wade to bed!' The water had just receded and left the floor thickly coated with mud. Over this we laid a bridge of boards, and thus found our way to the bed, which, with the exception of the hearth, was the only dry place about the house. Our supper consisted as usual of corn-bread, fried pork, and coffee without milk or sugar. And the same description will answer for our breakfast next morning, which we took at an early hour, and then were again in the saddle for Houston, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and found the steamer had not yet arrived from Galveston."

CHAPTER XII.

TO ALABAMA—MARRIED.

WHILE in Tuscaloosa on his mission for his churches in Texas, in September, 1843, Mr. Summers had met Miss N. B. Sexton, a young lady whose handsome face, queenly figure, fine dark eyes, and easy and dignified carriage attracted his special attention. He tells us that “the time had come for a change of his relations in life,” and that Miss Sexton had been recommended to him by competent judges as a suitable lady for an itinerant preacher’s wife. When, as in this case, the advice of friends coincides with one’s own feelings, it is usually accepted. And so, on leaving Galveston, January, 1844, he took the shortest route to Tuscaloosa, where he had been stationed by Bishop Soule, who had been apprised of his wish to be transferred. On the last day of the same month he was duly married to the dark-eyed and stately Alabama lady, whose attractions may have been (uncon-

seiously to him) part of the influence that drew him away from Texas.

Tuscaloosa was at that day a charming place, famous for its good society, its refined hospitality, and its warm religious atmosphere. It embodied much of what was best in Alabama life before the great changes made by the war between the States. His pastorates in Tuscaloosa were delightful seasons in his life, and he always spoke of the place with affectionate enthusiasm.

At the next session of the Alabama Conference, which was held in Wetumpka, he was stationed in Livingston. That year (1845) he attended the Louisville Convention, of which body he was made Secretary. He had very decidedly espoused the Southern, or as he called it, "the constitutional side" of the question which divided the Methodist Episcopal Church into two jurisdictions, and cordially approved the action of the South as expressed in primary meetings, of which perhaps the first whose proceedings were published was his own Quarterly Conference in

Tuscaloosa. He yielded very reluctantly to the change of name, believing that the Southern Church is *the* Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. At the same time he was not disposed to impeach the motives of the majority in the General Conference of 1844. His celerity, accuracy, retentive memory, and commanding voice made his services very valuable as Secretary to that body, whose action was fraught with such momentous consequences to Methodism in the United States. On all test questions he stood with those holding the most pronounced Southern sentiments. In his views of the social and political issues of the times, as in his theology, he was no trimmer; he halted at no half-way house; to him a thing was right or wrong; and he was for it or against it. But he knew when to be prudently silent, and no bitterness was ever mingled with the ardor of his opposition.

At the Alabama Conference, held in Mobile in 1846, he was stationed at St. Francis Street Church, in that city. But having been elected delegate to the General Conference, held in

Petersburg, Virginia, May, 1846, he had scarcely begun his work in Mobile before he was summoned away from his charge. He was elected by the General Conference assistant editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*. Accordingly, in June, 1846, he repaired to Charleston, and became associated with Dr. W. M. Wightman in the editorship of that paper. The friendship that sprung up between these two men at this time was of the closest kind, and continued through life. They were alike in their earnest piety, in their studiousness and scholarly tastes, and in their intense devotion to Methodism as it came from the fathers. But they were unlike in temperament and physical characteristics. Wightman was exceedingly dignified in his bearing, and precise in speech; Summers was mercurial, almost rollicking in manner, and a marvel of verbal fluency; Wightman measured his words, and even in his most impassioned bursts in the pulpit made his voluminous periods keep step like the trained battalions of an army; Summers, though exact in the use of words, surprised his

hearers or readers by unexpected but harmless paradoxes, or sudden bursts of feeling, or flashes of humor; Wightman roused himself for great occasions, and seldom fell below their demands; Summers was always unflagging in his mental energy, and the stream of his thought was unfailing as a mountain spring. They were thus drawn together by spiritual affinities and happy temperamental differences, and their friendship was of the kind that lasts. No two men ever had truer love for each other; no two men ever reacted on each other more beneficially. It was a friendship for time and eternity.

The General Conference had appointed a committee to compile a new hymn-book for the Church. This committee consisted of Thomas O. Summers, W. M. Wightman, J. Hamilton, Whitefoord Smith, and A. B. Longstreet. Mr. Summers was made chairman. He bestowed great labor on this work, for which he possessed special qualifications. But it was indeed a labor of love to him. It was like shutting him in with Charles Wesley and

Watts and Cowper and Doddridge, and the rest of the sweet singers of Israel, in a lengthened *symposium*. In April, 1847, he went to New York, where he spent six laborious weeks in passing the Hymn-book through the press. Overwork impaired his health, and kept him out of the pulpit for awhile—which was a great trial, for no man ever loved to preach more than this busy, book-loving man. But he had the satisfaction of being assured by men well qualified to judge that he and his colleagues had been successful in bringing out the best hymn-book in the English language. The loss of health was abundantly compensated by such a consideration.

It may seem a little like boasting to set up the claim that this hymn-book is the best in the English language. But both its negative and positive merits justify the claim. It is free from false or loose theology; from inferior and faulty poetry as such; what is vague and mystical on the one hand, and puerile and weakly sentimental on the other; and from the tinkerings and alterations by which so

many conceited poetasters have assumed to improve the sacred lyrics of real poets. These are negative excellences; the positive ones are as notable. The classification of the hymns is admirable, well-nigh perfect; the space allotted to the different topics is in most instances proportioned to their relative importance and the extent for which they will be needed for practical use; not only the best religious poems as such were chosen, but by a subtle spiritual instinct the choice was confined to those that had the unmistakable evangelical afflatus, Charles Wesley's seraphic strains leading the sacred choir. That little Wesleyan hymn-book brought across the sea made Summers a hymnologist, and was the seed from which sprung the volume whose songs are sung by the vast multitudes of living Methodists, as they were sung by the great company of our holy dead who now sing the new song in heaven.

If Mr. Summers had rendered no other service to the Church than the preparation of this Hymn-book, his name would deserve an

honorable place among those who have been made conspicuous by their superior abilities and eminent services to the Church.

The curious reader mentally asks the question: Where did this man, who never enjoyed the advantages of regular classical instruction, get the knowledge of the art of versification, the purity and severity of taste, the delicacy of ear, and the microscopic attention to detail that fitted him for this work? The answer is: He had a genius for literature and for work—and there is no accounting for genius; it learns the apparently unknowable, and attempts and accomplishes the seemingly impossible.

About the time this work was finished, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Mr. Summers by Ruter College, Texas—named for Dr. Martin Ruter, the first Methodist who ever wore the title. The reader will pardon this anachronism.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN CHARLESTON.

FROM the date of his editorial connection with the *Southern Christian Advocate* and *Sunday School Visitor*, Dr. Summers exhibited the characteristics that gave him a place in the estimation of his Church altogether unique. The first sentiment that he inspired was that of astonishment at his wonderful capacity for work. It seemed to his colleague, Dr. Wightman, and to all others in close relation to him, that he was almost tireless and sleepless. He wrote voluminously, he read omnivorously, he preached continually. He was a marvel to those cultured and dignified Carolinians. They soon learned to respect and admire him. His Christian zeal, his inexhaustible resources of Biblical and historical and literary information, the immense energy he put into all that he did, gave them to know that a live man and a strong man had come among them. And soon they began to love him. They found that while

there was no voice and manner more self-assertive and imperious, there was no kinder heart than his. If he was quick to point out an error in doctrine, in historical allusion, or in quotation, he was no less quick to speak a word or do a deed of kindness. The choicest spirits of the Methodist and other Churches, by the sure instinct by which the best and the worst alike flow together, took him to their hearts, to hold him there through life. The scholarly and great-hearted Dr. Bachman recognized in him a kindred spirit, and it was delightful to see how the brilliant and noble Lutheran and the irrepressible, cyclopedic young Wesleyan loved each other. The learned, eloquent, and pure-souled Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Edgar, also found in Summers the qualities which excite sincere admiration and warm and lasting friendship. He touched the religious society of Charleston at many points, and in all the circles in which he moved he was regarded as a man no less remarkable for his high Christian character than for his extraordinary intellectual abilities. These friendships lasted to the

end of the natural lives of the parties, as might have been expected. Many have been repelled at first by the mannerisms of Summers, but it is doubted whether in all his life he ever lost a friend who got close enough to him to be entitled to that sacred appellation. He was true, and true hearts cleaved unto him. No man could be more faithful in trying to discover to a friend his errors, or more charitable in dealing with his infirmities. He could be trusted. Many were the instances in which a word spoken in his own bluff, half-bantering way gave the needed and effective caution, warning, or reproof; more numerous were the instances in which a word of tender sympathy from his lips dropped as balm upon the troubled heart. Thus are forged the links in the chain of holy friendships that nor time nor distance can break, and give to Christian fellowship on earth that element of permanence which will be one of its blessed characteristics when renewed, perpetuated, and perfected in heaven.

Chief and nearest and dearest of these friends

was Dr. Wightman. Had they been different in character and temperament, they might have been rivals. If they had not possessed too much nobility of Christian character, they were saved from the temptation from the fact that they were so dissimilar. They were not competitive; they were supplementary to each other. Never did two men work together with more pleasure to themselves or with more advantage to the work they had in hand. Their souls were knit together as Jonathan and David. They were temperamental opposites, but their moral and spiritual affinity was perfect. From the time they first met, and looked at and measured each other, they began a friendship that was without a break or a jar until death. It was expected that when the one spoke of the other there would be a liberal use of friendly but discriminating superlatives. To this none objected, for the men were worthy, and their friendship was beautiful to all beholders. When his friend, after his grand career as a Bishop of the Church, died before him, it was fitting that Summers should be

chosen to deliver his funeral-oration in the chapel of the Vanderbilt University.

Waiving strict chronological and literary unity, we introduce here a letter from a mutual friend of Wightman and Summers, a noble Christian gentleman who was one of the inner circle of friends during those dear old Charleston days. The exuberance of Christian affection will not be objected to by the readers for whom this book is written:

PELZER, S. C., April 26, 1882.

REV. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D., Nashville, Tenn.

My Dear Doctor: I want the Nashville *Advocate*, and propose to send the money for a year's subscription through you, thereby embracing another opportunity of exchanging love-greetings, and renewing the friendship of the years gone by. I know that you are always busy, very busy—always toiling and drudging. This is Dr. Summers's mode of working. Fast, hard, successful labor is the characteristic of his life and being. Really, my dear old friend, there is not a more appropriate and perfect illustration of Solomon's instruction, "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," than your life-work. All the energies of body, mind, and soul, exercised to their utmost tension, are contributed and daily expended in the noblest service which men or angels are honored to render as a free-will

offering; and the Church and the world feel the thrill of the vital, spiritual force of the instrumentality so vigorously and continuously propelling the grand machinery of the blessed gospel of the grace of God.

Pardon me for this digression; I could not avoid it. Your large heart, fertile mind, and willing hand, as I have realized these expressions in the history of the past, testify to the correctness and honesty of all I have written of you; and you must endure the infliction—accept the terms of commendation without offense, excusing the friend who is doubtless as sensitive on this point as you are, but who must, nevertheless, thank you, if in so doing he cannot withhold the praise due to such a life-long devotion to the interest of Methodism and Christianity.

I write in great haste, as usual, and only wish to send you my love, unabated and unchangeable. O the past, with its hallowed associations with you and our honored, beloved, and now sainted Wightman! The old establishment on Maiden Lane where you both toiled at the *Advocate* and *Visitor*—every thing in the neighborhood still reflects the images of those days. And our daily meetings and frequent, happy intercourse in the office upstairs—the past is full of such scenes. And do you know, my dear friend, that through the long years that have passed since these occasions, I never think of our Wightman without associating our Summers with him in fragrant memories and changeless fellowship? Your letter to me last summer was a feast to our enfeebled, suffering, dying, but patient, hope-

ful, and happy friend. He was spending a few weeks on the island, and I was with him for an hour or two every day. O the benefits of such visitations! His intellect was bright and vigorous as ever; his zeal and love for Christ and the Church unabated; his interest in me, specially as a minister of the cross and friend beloved, was unchanged; he delighted in those rare logical and metaphysical expositions of the sacred text of which he was a master without superior, if an equal, in the pulpit or chair. How grand amid the ravages of a long, lingering disease, when prostrate from physical weakness, these sublime processes of reason and faith united in the structure of a “perfect man,” one who had reached “the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ!” He read the letter, and wept under such emotions as I suppose stirred your loving heart when you wrote it. And I read it over and over again, alone and in his presence. Your picture of the old leaky, creaky vessel in the dry-dock for repairs, to be caulked, pitched, and her timbers strengthened; then the prospect for the future, and the termination of the last, long, perilous, and suffering voyage; the approach to the harbor, and the glimpses and then distinct views of the hills and battlements of the city of God; and the joyous shout which rends the air, “Heaven! O heaven!” Brother, this was too much for us both; the double portion was dispensed; Benjamin’s mess was our share on that memorable day. The cup overflowed; joy—real, unspeakable, and heaven-born—thrilled his soul; it must be restrained, however, or the frail taberna-

cle will fall, the pitcher break. Enough that we had visions of glory on that day, such as shall lighten and gladden my poor heart to the end of the pilgrimage. Our Wightman was filled with the beatific visions you described. Responsive to your touch, faith became sight. There was a celestial magnetism in those words of triumph and hope; and while the smiles and tears of exultant joy covered his pale face, he only whispered, "Heaven; yes, heaven is home!" Through the intervening months from July to January following, I was frequently with him in his sick-chamber in Charleston, and throughout there was an abiding peace, and calm, patient resignation, and a blissful assurance that all was well.

My ordination as deacon was an event he had anticipated for many months previous to his death. I did not, therefore, attend Conference in December last, because it was both his wish and mine that he should perform the service. He was anxious for many weeks after the session, lest he should not recover strength sufficient to enable him to accomplish his desire. We waited hopefully, but the prospect became daily more discouraging. Watching the changes, Brother G. W. Williams, who daily and tenderly ministered at his bedside with the many loved ones of his household, discovered a temporary improvement in his condition, and being urged by the Bishop to seize the opportunity, I was summoned to his bedside, where the Rev. A. Coke Smith and several friends had assembled with Brother Williams to aid and unite in the solemn ceremony.

Kneeling beside his couch, Brother Smith reading the lessons for the occasion, and propounding the questions in form, the Bishop, after laying both his trembling hands upon my head, in a distinct and impressive voice and manner, conferred on me the authority to read and preach the word of God—his last official act as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Can I ever forget or fail to appreciate such a distinguished favor and privilege? The honor of such an ordination, the imposition of hands whose gentle touch and heroic pressure always reached the heart, and whose labor of love through so many eventful years dispensed untold charities—that such loving hands should, in their last official ministrations be laid upon my unworthy head in imploring heavenly benedictions, and conferring divine authority to proclaim “the unsearchable riches of Christ,” was so undeserved, and such a legacy of love and honor, that not only through life, but in the endless hereafter, it must constitute an unspeakable and imperishable treasure of happiness. I may not describe the scene and its effects on those who gathered around the couch of our rejoicing friend. He was now satisfied; his work was done. “Now,” said he, “is the time for me to go home;” and then, clasping my han’s in his, and drawing me to his side, he gently and tenderly bowed my head upon his breast, and throwing his trembling arms around my neck, imprinted the kiss of true, manly love upon my lips, as the farewell of friendship, and the last loving token of undying devotion. O the realizations,

embracing the reunions and recognitions, to be brought at the last full-orbed “revelation of Jesus Christ!” Now it is an extensive and sweet “satisfaction,” this mercy of God in Christ, but at best only comparative; then it shall be complete and perfect, “when we awake in His likeness.”

You see from the address at the head of this long letter that I have removed in my old age from Charleston and Sullivan's Island, where I have lived from my birth. This is a new village, named for my brother, F. J. Pelzer, who organized a large manufacturing company to be located here. It is a healthy and delightful country sixteen miles from Greenville, and I have come hither, as I believe, under special providential leadings, and for the purpose of preaching and practicing my profession as M.D. All my home-folks unite with me in much love to you and dear Sister Summers. God bless you, my dear old friend! Pardon me for this long epistle; but I desire—now that our mutual friend and brother, who formed one of a loving trio, has gone to enjoy the fellowship and communion of saints—to renew past friendships and exchange fresh love-tokens; and hence this effusion. If there is any thing written here which you think of interest to the Church or the public, I cannot object to your appropriating some or all of this letter for publication. Please have the *Advocate*, which I esteem highly, and which is deservedly popular in this section, sent to my address as above. How delighted I should be, if you could spare a few moments occasionally to write

me. Your devoted and affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

GEORGE S. PELZER.

The following, from Mr. Francis R. Shackelford, a venerable Christian gentleman now of Atlanta, Georgia, is inserted here:

When Dr. Summers was associated with that great light which has gone out from among us to shine for evermore in glory, the late Bishop W. M. Wightman, in conducting the *Southern Christian Advocate*, it was my highest pleasure to ensconce myself in their office and look on. They were workmen indeed who had no need to be ashamed, for did not all which issued from that press do good to the minds and hearts of their readers? Dr. Summers was one of the most untiring workers I have ever seen. So absorbed would he be in the discharge of his official duties it seemed to me that should a crowned head walk in he would have received little or no notice—unless Victoria herself had appeared; then the gallant Englishman would have cast aside, very promptly, papers and *Quarterly Review*, to make his obeisance to Her Royal Highness.

I had the satisfaction of being his companion at night when engaged in that difficult task of culling from hymn-books of every denomination which he had received from Europe as well as America, the product being that inimitable Southern Hymn-book, which has inspired in the minds and hearts of all God's people such joy and thanksgiving. We bless and thank God for such a chanter in our Israel as

Charles Wesley, and especially so for the gift from our Heavenly Father's hand of that peerless man of God, John Wesley, whom I should class as being directly in the apostolic succession, if such succession were not simply a myth. Let us follow him as he followed Christ, and all will be well.

I must not prolong this brief tribute to the memory of our sainted Summers, and will only add a word as to the effect produced by a sermon delivered by him in Charleston at the Rev. Dr. Dana's church (Presbyterian), a very large audience in attendance, among them the Governor of the State (an Episcopalian). The subject was the translation of Enoch. We listened with rapt attention. It was the Doctor's happiest effort. I had often heard him in our Charleston pulpits. He made a novel reflection in his closing remarks. He said others might prefer translation like Enoch, but he did not desire that mode of departure from the world; as a disciple of Jesus, he would rather continue to follow his Lord even down to the tomb, and rest with him there until the resurrection-day. Who can doubt our dear brother's ascension on that great day of days to the loving arms of his blessed Saviour? After the benediction, the Governor approached us and requested to be introduced to the preacher. He most earnestly thanked him for his sermon, and told how very much he had enjoyed it.

I have said he had his peculiarities, often growing out of his entire absorption in any work he had in hand. It

was his custom in rising up in the pulpit to preach to lay his watch before him; it might as well have remained in his fob, for his eyes were never in that direction. He would go on declaring the truth of God irrespective of time, and our only regret was when wearied nature stood still. God bless the life and memory of Dr. Summers to all who may read and study it! FRANCIS R. SHACKELFORD.

The Rev. Dr. Whitefoord Smith, of the South Carolina Conference, who was thrown into personal and official association with Summers at this period in his life, furnishes these characteristic touches:

My acquaintance with the late Dr. Summers began at the Louisville Convention in 1845, when the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized. I met him again in 1846, at Petersburg, Virginia, at our first General Conference. He was then elected to the assistant editorship of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, which was published at Charleston, South Carolina. We were appointed together at that Conference on the committee to compile a hymn-book for the use of the Church, South. I was then stationed at Trinity Church, in Charleston. Before removing his family to Charleston, he came to the city and spent a day or two with me. One night, while he was with us, I heard a great crash as if some large piece of furniture had fallen, and having learned from Dr. Summers that he sometimes

walked in his sleep, I was alarmed, thinking that perhaps he had been doing something of the kind and had met with a serious fall. Striking a light, I went to the third story where he was sleeping, and was relieved to find him quietly asleep. I then searched the lower rooms of the house, but could find nothing amiss. My library was in the third story, in the room opposite to that occupied by the Doctor. The next morning we discussed the subject of the ghost, but could form no conjecture as to the cause of the noise, until going to my study I found one of my sets of shelves had fallen, and a pile of books lay heaped upon the floor. This solved the riddle.

The committee appointed to compile the hymn-book consisted of Thomas O. Summers, William M. Wightman, Whitefoord Smith, A. B. Longstreet, and Jefferson Hamilton. Judge Longstreet being in Georgia, and Dr. Hamilton in Alabama, the work devolved upon the other three, who were in Charleston, South Carolina. Very pleasant are the recollections which still linger around those afternoons and evenings which were spent in that work. To Dr. Summers belongs the chief credit of this production. He went into it, as he usually did in any thing he undertook, with his whole soul. The canons which were agreed upon to govern us in our work involved no small amount of labor. It would frequently happen that a good hymn would be found in several different forms in different collections. One of our rules was, wherever possible to give the hymn as written by its author, and not as changed by

some compiler, who thought he could improve upon the original. To do this often required extensive research. But sometimes a hymn, which in its modified form was both desirable and popular, would not do at all as the author wrote it. An instance of this kind occurred in hymn 145:

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! etc.

As it appears in Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems, it begins:

He dies! the heavenly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my dear heart-strings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God, etc.

Dr. Summers was bitterly opposed to the use of such erotic expressions, and as the changes so greatly improved the hymn, it was adopted in the altered form, the committee making one other alteration of their own by changing the comparative "richer" into the superlative "richest," giving force to the antithesis between tears and blood.

No hymn was allowed to go into the book unless the name of the author could be given, except in cases of unusual merit. A few were admitted, though inferior, only because they were hallowed in the affections of the people, and identified with the history of Methodism.

The patience and perseverance of Dr. Summers were conspicuous in this work, and the genial spirit of the man contributed largely to the pleasure of our meetings.

When the Hymn-book was completed, as is well known,

it met with the warm approval not only of our own Church but of the public generally, and of critics well qualified to judge. The Rev. Dr. A. W. Leland, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, spoke of it in terms of the highest commendation, pronouncing it the best collection he had seen. Dr. Summers regarded it as "the Liturgy" of our Church, and was happy in frequently quoting from it in his sermons. As the last surviving member of the committee, who after a year of labor presented it to the Church, I confess to great regret in seeing it discarded so largely from our Sunday-schools, and even from our congregations, and substituted by the jigs and jingles and inferior poetry now in such common use. To this may be attributed in large measure the ignorance of our doctrines on the part of the young members of our Church, and the tendency to heterodoxy among some of the older ones.

During his residence in Charleston, Dr. Summers was always ready to render assistance to the pastors of our Churches both in the pulpit and in all other pastoral duties. Nor was his ministry confined to the pulpits of his own denomination. He was equally ready to aid his brethren of other Churches, and among the various congregations of the city his services were always most acceptable.

The yellow fever prevailed in Charleston in two years of my ministry there. On these occasions I found Dr. Summers a valuable friend and helper in visiting the sick and burying the dead. When my services were demanded for two funerals at the same hour, he readily attended to

one while I attended to the other. When I needed company in visiting the sick, I had only to ask him and he was ready to go. I remember a case very illustrative of his character. One night I was called on to visit a young woman who was very ill with yellow fever at a disreputable house in Berresford street. Thinking it most prudent not to go alone, I secured the company of old Brother Muckinfuss and visited the sufferer. It was at one of the most fashionable and elegant establishments of its kind. After conversation and prayer with the sick, I promised to return the next day and see whether she was still living. On my way, I called at the office of the *Southern Advocate* and mentioned the case to Dr. Summers, and asked him to accompany me. He assented immediately, and we walked together. It so happened that an election was taking place that day, and the poll was open at an engine-house next door to the house where we were going. I stopped for a moment to speak to the managers, and mentioned the case of fever next door. The patient was a handsome young woman, who seemed very penitent, and, as usual, made promises of a change of life if God would spare her. Dr. Summers's sympathies were much moved. I asked him to pray. The passage-way and stairs were lined with the young women of the house. He took his chair and kneeled near the door, and in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard through the house he prayed not only for the sick but for the keeper of the house and for all its unfortunate inmates. As we returned, some one at the poll asked how

we found the patient, to which I replied: "To my surprise, better; and hopes may be entertained of her recovery." With that peculiar brusqueness that characterized him, Dr. Summers exclaimed, "The man who seduced that girl ought to have a bullet put through his heart!" Poor thing! she recovered, only to add another to the catalogue of those who are penitent when sick and in sight of death, but who, when health returns, go back to their evil ways.

It would be difficult for any one not intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Summers to form any just idea of the man. On first acquaintance he would appear dogmatic, brusque, and almost rude; but upon more intimate knowledge of him, he was found to be tender and affectionate, gentle and sympathizing. He was a sincere and true man, full of kindness and love. The more you knew him the more you prized and loved him. He was an earnest and intense student, but simple as a child in regard to worldly business. His Father's business was the one engrossing thought of his life, and to that all his energies were devoted. His taste was generally chaste and correct, though at times he indulged in the use of archaic words, and those which were rather above the heads of many of his hearers.

My acquaintance with Dr. Summers ripened into an affectionate friendship, which continued until his death. We were very nearly of the same age, he having been born in October, 1812, and I in November of the same year. The last letter I wrote him was shortly before his death, in which I suggested that if a life of the late Bishop Wight-

man should be undertaken, he was the most proper person to do it. I little thought then how soon he would be called to join his friend in the land where friendships are perpetual.

WHITEFOORD SMITH.

The incident here related by Dr. Smith is characteristic. The Christ-like pity for the sinning woman and the flaming indignation toward her betrayer were expressions of a nature tender yet strong. He yearned over the sins and sorrows of a fallen humanity, but he was no weak sentimentalist. He was capable of a virtuous, intense abhorrence of sin, and had no liking for the rose-water theories that left retribution out of the moral government of a merciful and righteous God.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO GREENSBORO, ALABAMA

THE opulent and liberal-minded Methodists of that fertile region of Alabama in 1858 projected at Greensboro a school of high grade for the education of their sons, and gave it the name of the Southern University. Dr. W. M. Wightman (afterward Bishop) accepted the chancellorship, and with him were associated a faculty consisting of some of the best educators in the South, first-rate men in their several departments, among whom was Dr. Summers. It was a luxury to a man like Summers to live and labor with men like these. It was a select little circle. Of the massive and polished Wightman mention has already been made.

There was Dr. Edward Wadsworth, a Cavalier in courage, a Puritan in scrupulous piety, a precisian in the professor's chair, a battery charged with evangelical power in the pulpit. As a preacher, he searched his hearers as with a lighted candle, flashing spiritual illumination

into the most secret recesses of their hearts. He adopted a high standard of Christian experience, and dared not to live below it. He shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. The word of truth was spoken by him with such plainness of speech, and applied with such pointedness and power, that it went crashing through all the defenses of sin until the sinner lay with a broken and contrite heart at the foot of the cross. He knew how with exquisite skill and tenderness to pour in the oil of evangelical consolation until the bones which had been broken by the hammer of the word were made to rejoice. He was lucid in exposition of the sacred text, rarely failing to leave in the mind of every intelligent hearer a permanent deposit of truth. He said much, and suggested much more to the receptive mind. In him the directness, the fervor and faithfulness of the Methodism of Virginia and North Carolina in the days of Leigh and Skidmore and Peter Doub were combined with the logic and polish of the schools. The product was a masterly preacher and a teacher who could indeed

teach. He was too conscientious to be shallow or slipshod either in the lecture-room or the pulpit. Honesty and lucidity of thought are not inseparable, but are apt to be found in company with each other. Tall, slender, graceful, with a scholarly face whose gravity of expression was relieved by the serenity left upon it by the touch of the Holy Spirit in the still hours when in the place of secret prayer he lifted his heart to God and got answers of peace—Edward Wadsworth, the eloquent preacher, the faithful pastor, the skillful teacher, the true Christian gentleman, was called home to heaven in 1881, but his memory and his work abide.

There, too, was Prof. N. T. Lupton, then quite a young man, but already exhibiting the genius for physical science, the ability as a lecturer, the skillful manipulation in the laboratory, and the public spirit that have given him so much weight as a citizen and educator. Prof. J. C. Wills, a clear-cut thinker and able mathematician, full of energy and high professional enthusiasm, was another of his col-

leagues. A career of brilliant promise was cut short by his death in Missouri a few years afterward:

The society at Greensboro received wide-awake, ever-active, individualistic Summers into its bosom with true Southern heartiness. The De Yamperts, the Waltons, the Garretts, and others—families that could claim good blood and good manners, and had large revenues—were there, the unpretentious aristocracy of that rich “canebrake” region in which the cotton crop was heavy, each planter owning many acres, and ruling a large Afro-American dependency.

Thus brought again to Alabama, Summers formed new ties which bound him indissolubly to her people. The Alabamians were hospitable to him. They were not slow to discern his worth; and having taken him to their hearts, they held him to the last. And how he loved Alabama! There was a tenderness in his very tones when he spoke of her. In all perplexities, conflicts, and sorrows, he looked thither for counsel, support, and sympathy. “Grand

old Alabama! may her beautiful name be emblematic of her people's rest in heaven!" was the exclamation of a gifted man whose fate is a perpetual sorrow to the Church. Summers could have given a hearty Amen to this benediction during all the last, most fruitful years of his life. And when we think of the men that were his associates in the Alabama Conference, there is no room left for surprise that he put a high estimate upon them and cherished his Conference relation to them.

Conspicuous among them was Dr. Jefferson Hamilton—scholar, saint, good soldier of Jesus Christ. He was a leader who led along the old paths that ascend the shining way of holiness. Northern born and bred, he was naturalized to the South at the first contact. His glowing heart recognized and responded to the best elements in Southern life as he then found it. The Alabamians were also quick to detect the quality of the slender, student-like, intensely energetic young New Englander who had come among them, bringing the learning of the schools and the zeal of an apostle. They gave

him their hearts and the highest honors they could bestow. The results of his labors cannot be measured this side the final reckoning. There is not to-day a Methodist society in Alabama, in city, town, or country, that is not the better for his influence. He preached holiness and lived it; he pointed his hearers to the Canaan of gospel promise, and led the march of the advancing host. His preaching was in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. He was no rose-water theologian or prophesier of smooth things. The claims and penalties of the divine law were presented by him with such clearness of Scripture teaching, logical power, and impassioned earnestness, that the barriers of unbelief and the opposition of the carnal heart were broken down, and the hardest sinners knelt before God broken, contrite, and ready for the healing touch of the Great Physician. And none knew better than he how to lead the penitent soul to the loving Christ, who gives beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. In his greatest

pulpit efforts he spoke with the authority of a prophet of God, voicing the thunders and wielding the lightnings of the divine wrath against sin; or with radiant face, and quivering lips, and swimming eyes, in periods rhythmic with unconscious music, he portrayed the beauty of holiness and the glories of the heaven prepared for the saints so enchantingly that many, many of his hearers took a fresh start in the Christian life, never to abate their pace until they went in through the gates into the city of God. While yet in his formative state as a minister of the gospel, he met that master-preacher Dr. Lovick Pierce, and he never lost his impress; he was stronger forever from the gracious contact and inspiration of a kindred soul. He was no imitator of Dr. Pierce or anybody else; he was too great and had too much manliness for that. The unconscious imitator is usually weak; the conscious imitator is usually both weak and sinister. He was a full-orbed star in the hand of Him who walketh among the candlesticks, not a satellite revolving round any larger body. He might have

been a Bishop—all acknowledged that he was worthy—had not his frail *physique* stood in the way. But such men need no official pedestal—they tower above common men in the grandeur of true greatness by the exercise of the gift of God that is in them. A small man looks still smaller in a high place. A large man may not be lifted up by the votes of men, but he cannot be concealed nor mistaken for a pygmy.

Among these Alabama preachers was Philip P. Neely—“Phil.” Neely, his brethren affectionately and familiarly called him. He had the soul of a poet, and a voice melodious as a flute. He charmed the ear of his auditors and stole gently into their hearts, and made a way for his Master. In the far-distant West we have seen the eyes of those who sat under his preaching in his best days sparkle as they recalled the pulpit eloquence that still lingered delightfully in their memories.

Thomas W. Dorman was another of these Alabama preachers of that day who gave tone to the Conference. He was “a man among men”—a preacher whose sermons were com-

pact and glowing expositions of gospel truth, while his administrative talent put him at the front with the men who performed the business and bore the honors of the body.

And there was Stephen F. Pilley—a quiet, strong man, who preached sermons that had breadth and power, the marrow and fatness of the gospel, a man of prayer and a worker who never hurried and never was behind time.

There was J. L. Cotten, massive in thought, glowing with holy fervor, sweet-souled and true-hearted—a grand, good man.

Among them, too, was C. C. Gillespie—the genial, the gifted Gillespie, whose sermons were models of homiletic skill, and whose editorials possessed the brightness of true paragraphic crystal. He was scorched by the fires of the war that consumed the spiritual lives of many, but died in the communion of the Episcopal Church, looking to the Saviour he had found when a youth among the dear old hills of his native Georgia.

Of men still living, there is a notable company—H. N. McTyeire, Bishop, an intellect-

ual Samson, ecclesiastical lawyer, historian of Methodism, whose mark will be left deep-cut when he is gone; R. K. Hargrove, the full-grown, rounded Bishop, whose work is equally well done in the pulpit, the school-room, or traveling and leading the itinerant forces of the Church beyond the Rocky Mountains; Allen S. Andrews, standing like a central pillar upholding the structure of Alabama Methodism, of which he has been a chief builder; Mark S. Andrews, embodied Christian manliness, who can pray like Elijah and love like St. John; A. H. Mitchell, towering above common men both in his physical and mental stature, a bold, sound thinker, college-bred and scholarly, yet simple and guileless as a child; W. H. Ellison, a man of God equally at home in leading a penitent sinner to Christ or conducting a recitation in school, in whose track the flowers of knowledge and goodness have bloomed; Joseph B. Cottrell, a man of genius whose brilliant intellect has corruscated over many subjects, and whose warm and generous heart tempers the edge of a wit that is irrepressible;

W. H. Milburn, whose darkened bodily eyes have seen in many lands so much that is hidden from the eyes of the vulgar, and whose classic eloquence has ravished multitudes with its charm and melted them with its pathos; W. A. McCarty, an able and original thinker; O. R. Blue, keen, clear, and strong; R. B. Crawford, incisive, forcible, and ready; S. P. Richardson, a man who thinks deeply on lines of his own, whose satire on occasion is keen as a razor; and many younger men whose names might be added to the list. It was no small distinction that Summers took and held a conspicuous position among these men. More than once he was placed at the head of their delegation to the General Conference. It is not strange that he loved the Alabama Conference, and looked lovingly and longingly to it as the evening shadows thickened around him in his last days.

As we shall see, later on in life he went back again to Alabama, drawn thither by affinities that were not to be resisted.

CHAPTER XV. GOES TO NASHVILLE.

IN 1855 Dr. Summers removed to Nashville, the Publishing House being there located. Here he maintained his indefatigable literary activity. He continued to edit the *Sunday School Visitor*, which he had started and edited four years in Charleston. An estimate of him as an editor will be made elsewhere in this volume; it is enough to say here that his *Visitor* was brimming with good humor and tenderness, and had plenty of hard philological and theological nuts for the young Methodists to crack. He made it a pure and able publication, often overshooting the minds of its young readers, upon whom he poured a flood of entertaining and useful knowledge too copious for juvenile receptivity. If it was not popular in the ordinary sense, it helped to elevate the religious taste and character of its readers.

He edited the Southern Methodist *Quarterly Review* for several years before as well as after

the war. It was full of his individuality—impersonal journalism or authorship was impossible to him, and he never attempted it. His first aim was to be orthodox—and in this he always succeeded. His quick ear detected the slightest ring of false doctrine; and if a writer even approached the perilous edge of error, his loud but friendly voice sounded the alarm. His next aim was to enlighten the ignorant. Of information not accessible to ordinary readers he possessed so large a store that it was lavished upon his readers with a liberality that to many looked like pedantry, but which gave the *Review* under his editorial management high rank among periodicals of its class. His highest aim of all seemed to be to maintain a lofty and fervent spirituality in its pages. The Christian was never lost in the critic; the Christian scholar never sunk into flashy and frivolous dilettanteism. The great religious heart of the man throbbed in every department.

He was the general Book Editor of the Church from its organization. His work in

this department was enormous—it is enough to make one's head dizzy to go over the catalogue of the books he revised and edited for the Church, the Introductions, the Notes, and the Indexes he prepared. Among these works were Wesley's Sermons, Watson's Sermons, Watson's Theological Institutes, Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, Life of Wesley and Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley, and the standard Wesleyan Catechisms. In this sort of work he was painstaking, conscientious, and remarkably judicious. His editions of a standard author could be accepted as the genuine text. The careless compiler or printer who blundered in a date, a quotation, or a fact, was sure to be found out and set right. In following the trail of an historical blunder his nose was keen and his wind inexhaustible.

After coming to Nashville he developed rapidly as an author. How he found time to write so much and so well is a mystery to which allusion has already been made. He wrote Commentaries on the Gospels, the Acts, and the

Ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—six volumes. He wrote treatises on Holiness, on Baptism, on The Catechetical Office of the Church, Seasons, Months, and Days, Talks Pleasant and Profitable, Refutation of the Theological Works of Thomas Paine, The Golden Censer (a work on Prayer, with a collection of Forms of Prayer for all occasions)—and innumerable pamphlets, tracts, sermons, etc. When it is remembered that in addition to his work as editor and author he was, during a large part of the time, Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University and Dean of the Theological Faculty, and *ex officio* pastor of that institution, the amount of these literary labors will strike the initiated reader with astonishment.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUMMERS AS A STUDENT AND SCHOLAR.

DR. SUMMERS adopted literally the rule for Methodist preachers never to be triflingly employed. He gathered up all the odds and ends of time. He lost not a moment. This was one of the secrets of his vast acquisitions. He possessed the power of concentrating his attention at short notice upon any point. In this way he filled the gaps between his regular tasks, and was constantly giving surprises to his friends, who could not understand how he found time to do so much work. If a resolution was to be written in a hurry, if a programme was to be arranged quickly, if any sort of paper was to be gotten up to meet an emergency, he was usually called upon, and was always ready. His readiness was extraordinary.

Dr. Summers had the patience as well as the industry of the real student. The trail of a word or a fact would be followed by him through

all sorts of windings until he got hold of it. His mind seemed not to be capable of thinking of giving up the search before finding what was wanted. A bad manuscript or an obscure point in scholarship had a positive charm for him. He wrestled with such difficulties with the enthusiasm of a soldier in battle, and exulted in success with demonstrative joy. When once his mind had taken up any question, whether it was a vital dogma of religion or the change of a single word or punctuation-mark in a hymn, he put his whole power into it for the time.

Accuracy of knowledge naturally resulted from this mental tone and these methods of study. There was with him no guessing at facts or leaping at conclusions. Many things were intrinsically of slight significance, but the truth was not to be trifled with in any case or under any circumstances. He blazed with virtuous indignation alike at the tampering with grave theological dogmas, important historical facts, or a quotation from a polemic or hymnologist. His wrath was amusingly excessive at the alterations made by compilers and crit-

ies in many of the standard hymns in use by the Churches, and he took special satisfaction in the good work he had done in restoring the original text in the hymns inserted in the hymn-book edited by him for his own Church. In scriptural quotations he was most exact, and was not slow to set right a blunderer in this line. He had little patience with the carelessness that garbles the word of God. "If you mean to give a literal quotation, the words are these," he would say when he heard a misquotation; and then he would give the exact language of the sacred text. Or, if he happened to be in a pugnacious mood, he would interrupt the speaker who tripped by crying out, "There is no such passage in the Bible!" When a mistake of this sort was made in the pulpit, he winced as if pierced by a thorn. His criticisms were often playful and inoffensive, but sometimes he was not understood by persons who did not know him well.

Summers met his match one day during a session of the Alabama Conference. The Rev. S. P. Richardson, a man of peculiar genius and

strong individuality, in the course of some remarks before the body, used the expression, “*Sence Conference.*” Summers sprung to his feet and exclaimed in his loud voice, “I always thought s-i-n-c-e spelled *since!*” There was a burst of laughter at the expense of Richardson, who remained standing. But he was equal to the emergency. He stood imperturbable for a few moments until the silence was complete, and then, without the change of a muscle, said in quiet, measured tones: “I don’t object to criticism, and I am not afraid of critics. If my facts, my logic, or even my syntax should be criticised, I can stand it; but,” he added, looking straight at Summers, “*the Lord deliver me from one of these spelling-book fellows!*”

The Conference roared — the laugh was turned. Summers half rose to his feet, but for once had nothing to say, and sat down laughing with the rest. It was a good-natured encounter on both sides.

That quality of mind by which he was led to throw himself wholly into any subject that claimed his thought furnishes part of the ex-

planation of his marvelous memory. The degree of interest in whatever touches the mind measures the permanency as well as the vividness of the impression. Intensity was his normal state. His mental glow never cooled or fell below a red heat. His mind was therefore always receptive and retentive. He had the rare gift of perennial and universal intellectual enthusiasm. The nickels as well as the heavy gold-pieces were closely guarded and carefully arranged in the treasure-house of his memory, and he could bring forth either the one or the other for use with equal facility. No man that I have known equaled Dr. Summers in the readiness with which he could use all the vast fund of varied knowledge he possessed. "Some men are very rich; they have millions of dollars in bank, but carry none in their pockets. They can draw you a check that will be paid on presentation, but seldom have a dollar on hand for immediate use. So there are men who, if time were given them with access to their books, could give you the deepest thought and fullest information concerning any ques-

tion, but are incapable of off-hand use of their intellectual riches." (Dr. T. J. Dodd.) Dr. Summers might not have more in bank than other men, but he carried more with him ready for circulation. He had transferred his encyclopedias from his book-shelves to his head, and took them along with him wherever he went.

A defect in his eye-sight was attended with some inevitable annoyance and disability, and was to him in some sense a thorn in the flesh. But there was a compensation in the fact that partial blindness in his case, as in most others, induced the habit of careful verification of all authorities. The hurried glance of the naked eye may deceive where the patient use of the microscope would reveal the truth as it is. This law of compensation throws its softening light upon every fact and every condition of human life—except where willful and persistent sin against God and his laws turns the light of life itself into a consuming fire.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS CATHOLICITY

DR. SUMMERS furnished a striking illustration of the truth that a man may be at the same time positively and enthusiastically denominational, and have a large and sweet catholicity. Within the lines of evangelical orthodoxy he had a brotherly heart and the hand of fellowship for all sorts of Christians. Outside of that limit it must be confessed that he was rigid enough. For the views of any man who opposed what he held to be fundamental in Christian doctrine he had little toleration. An error of this sort was usually denounced by him unsparingly, or dismissed with contemptuous satire. He had his moods when his whole feeling toward the errors that lead the world away from truth and God was that of yearning pity, and always the errorist himself would have found in him by personal contact the truest kindness and most generous sympathy. While he spared no error, he will-

ingly wounded no human heart. If he has left any wounds that yet rankle, or any scars on any spirit resulting from any line that he wrote or any word that he spoke, it was because of his peculiar manner rather than from any intention to hurt. It was not in his heart to hurt a worm, much less a sensitive human soul. When he told a brilliant and daring preacher who took very strong ground on what he believed to be the wrong side of a vexed question of theology, "If that is your opinion your place is outside of the Methodist Church!" he thundered forth the words with an energy peculiarly his own. But he had no thought of giving offense. He admired and loved the brother thus spoken to, and had he needed an advocate or defender in any sort of trouble, Summers would have been one of the first to extend sympathy and help. He seemed to be really savage at times in his feeling toward a heresy, but he would not have hurt a hair of the heads of all the heretics that ever lived. As a watchdog set to guard the doctrine of his Church, his bark was loud, but he had no disposition

to bite and tear his fellow-men, however obstinate and perverse they might seem to be in their adhesion to error.

As a polemic, he dealt sturdy blows against the views that antagonized the strict Arminianism to which he held with such undoubting belief and such unflinching tenacity. In his personal intercourse with the ministers and members of other Churches he was the embodiment of genial and unselfish liberality. He was ultra anti-Calvinistic, and yet the Calvinistic brother who stood up to him squarely and aggressively in an argument was the one he loved. He was an anti-immersionist, and yet he loved the Baptists, felt at home in their pulpits, and sincerely rejoiced in their prosperity. The Presbyterians of Nashville regarded him with special affection, and his voice was familiar in all their congregations. In his diary his heart seems to glow at every mention of them. And they were no less partial to him. They relished his rough, good-natured jokes concerning their belief in private and sat under his ministry with delight in the sanctuary. He

often quoted with evident emotion the sacerdotal prayer of our Lord, and thrilled with joy in the prospect of its fulfillment in the glad time coming when all his people should be one even as He and his Father are one. He was indeed a most intensely denominational Methodist and yet a most catholic-spirited Christian. The paradox involved in this statement will be understood by like-minded readers. They will see that the nobility of Christian character that makes a man true to his section of the Church makes him true to it as a whole. The best neighbor is the man who is kindest and most loving in his own household.

The Rev. J. H. McNeilly, pastor of the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, Nashville, with whom he was affectionately familiar, gives the following picture of Dr. Summers. These kind and discriminating words happily illustrate his character, and indicate the esteem in which he was held by the Christian public outside of his own Communion. Such a tribute is as honorable to the living writer as to his ascended brother:

THE REV J. H. MCNEILLY'S ETCHING OF DR. SUMMERS.

"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all, charity."

"I believe in the communion of saints."

Dr. Summers was a man of a catholic spirit. In his spiritual life and work he tried to realize the communion of saints. For him the saints were not confined to his own denomination. His sympathies went out to the people of God of every name and order.

It was my privilege for the last fifteen years of his life to be closely and intimately associated with him, and to discuss with him in the frankness of warm personal friendship a great many questions of doctrine and life. Though I am by tradition, by training, and by conviction a Presbyterián, yet our different ecclesiastical connection in no way interfered with our Christian fellowship.

His doctrinal beliefs were clear, positive, decided; and he never concealed them. He was ready at all proper times to expound and defend his doctrinal system. After careful study and from sincere conviction, he was a Methodist. He was devotedly attached to his Church, and keenly alive to all the grandeur of its history. He was intensely interested in every thing that might affect its honor or its usefulness. He was thankful that God had given him the privilege of working for the Master in the Methodist Church; yet his relations to other Churches of Christ were peculiarly intimate. His love to the brethren was not, and could not be, bounded by denominational lines. He claimed as

brethren all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. He cheerfully acknowledged as true Churches of Christ all those bodies who hold the essentials of faith. If they are united to the Head then are they members of the body. This was not a bare acknowledgment; it was a joyous, thankful welcome of them as joint heirs and fellow-workers in the kingdom of God. He was deeply interested in their work, and heartily rejoiced in their prosperity. However much he might differ from them in minor points, he felt that the points of agreement were more numerous and important. In his judgments of men and their opinions he laid chief stress on the question whether they were sincere followers of Christ. If they were, that fact covered in his eyes a multitude of doctrinal errors—his heart went out to them.

The great central fact of his religious experience was personal love to the Lord Jesus, and he gave personal love to all who love the Saviour. It was this personal feeling that marked his relations with other Churches. His was not a mere vague general interest in their work and respect for their members, but each denomination seemed to be embodied in some person or persons who manifested its spirit. He knew the history of these persons, if dead; he knew the persons themselves, if living. He had a graceful way of seeing the best qualities of these persons, and giving credit to the denomination. Thus, I suppose he never thought of the Lutheran Church but that it was embodied to him in the person of his dear friend Dr. Bachman, of Charleston. He knew the worthies of all the Churches, and

delighted to do them honor. While he naturally and properly gave John Wesley a chief place among men, he had many a kind word to say of John Calvin; and while he was quick to wage war against much of the theology of the stern old reformer, yet he was apt to quote him on the fundamentals of the faith.

Dr. Summers found great pleasure in religious conversation with his brethren. Many a time, sitting by his table in his office, we would drift from arguments into warm and loving talk on the great and precious truths common to us both; and his eyes would kindle, his face would flush, and all the brusqueness of his manner would soften down, until I would realize that he was an older brother talking to me out of a larger experience about family affairs.

For a good while he lived in the bounds of my congregation, often preaching for me, and I often sought his counsel. Once when he was very ill, two or three of my brethren of the Presbytery of Nashville were visiting me. We all went together to see him. As we entered the room and he recognized us, he looked up with a smile, saying: "This is glorious; a whole Presbytery coming to comfort a poor, sick Methodist sinner!" Once at a Christmas-tree in my church, the Sunday-school put on the tree a present for him. In response, he began by saying in a humorous way that "Presbyterians were almost as good as Methodists anyhow, and if we did not quit mixing so much it would be hard to tell them apart."

It was not with me only, but with brethren of all denom-

inations he was the same genial, fresh, warm-hearted brother. Wherever Dr. Summers went, he was on excellent terms with the pastors of other Churches, and made many warm friends among their members. To his honor be it said, he never used this influence unworthily; but on the other hand he used it to build up and strengthen the Churches with which these friends were connected.

Forty years ago, Dr. Summers was in the Texas Republic, in charge of the churches in Houston and Galveston. Three or four years ago, when I lived in Houston, I found his memory lovingly cherished by the older people of all the Churches. One of the elders of my Church had a son named for him.

When he left Charleston, South Carolina, where some of his happiest years were spent, it was not Methodists alone that sorrowed over his departure.

In Nashville, for many years he was the trusted friend and adviser of ministers of all denominations. All felt sure in coming to him of a sympathizing heart, and of wise counsel.

When death came into the family circles of whatever Church, he was most frequently called to assist the pastor in burying the dead and ministering comfort to the bereaved.

When any minister wished a supply for his pulpit, none more ready than he to do the work, and none more acceptable to the congregations of the city.

It was his custom when not engaged in preaching to at-

tend the services of the various Churches, especially at their communion seasons. He used to say that then each denomination presented its picture of the common Saviour, taken from its own point of view, and it did him good to see how the Lord appeared to his brethren. He said it gave him a fuller view of Christ.

I used after any missionary tour to visit him and tell him of the work. It gave him hearty pleasure to hear of revivals in any of our churches, and of our growth or successful work.

I remember coming in upon him as he finished reading an unkind criticism upon himself. He had with great pains gathered and published some statistics of a sister denomination. A paper of that denomination charged that the statistics gave too low a view of their numbers, and that it was done through envy. With indignant earnestness he said: "I shall gladly make the correction; would God they were a thousand times as strong as they are!" It afterward turned out that his figures were right.

It seemed to me that he was entirely incapable of envy or jealousy, either personal or ecclesiastical. He always spoke well of his brethren, and wished them to think well of each other.

One matter we often discussed. In nearly every little village or neighborhood there are three or four evangelical Churches, while the wants of the community would be abundantly supplied by one. Thus, instead of having a minister properly supported, and a Church active and effi-

cient in every neighborhood, many places are entirely destitute, and two or three ministers are hampered by meager support and discouraged by small congregations, and the community is divided into several weak, inefficient, and too often rival societies. Dr. Summers pondered long and earnestly on this subject, and was preparing to write on it. He wished to see some method of coöperation among evangelical Churches by which, when any Church should be faithfully supplying any place with the gospel, and should be sufficient for that community, other Churches should allow it to occupy that field. He felt that there are too many destitute places entirely unsupplied for the Church of Christ to waste men and means on fields already fully occupied. He indulged no Utopian dreams of a great organization in which all denominations should be merged; but he believed that the growing spirit of love would enable them to find some practicable mode of coöperation. He did not underestimate doctrines, but he exalted love to the chief place in the life.

To show how Dr. Summers was appreciated by his brethren I cannot do better than close this by a copy of the resolutions adopted at his death by the association of officers of the Presbyterian Churches of Nashville:

“Whereas the Rev. Thomas O. Summers, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been called to enter into his heavenly rest; and whereas Dr. Summers, during his long residence in this city, very often and very acceptably filled our various Presbyterian pulpits, and did, by

his genial manners, catholic spirit, devoted piety, and faithful preaching, endear himself to our people; therefore,

“1. *Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Summers the whole evangelical Church in this city is called to mourn the loss of a good man, of an able minister of Christ, of a wise and ready helper in every good work.

“2. That we record our high appreciation of his brotherly kindness in so frequently ministering to our people the everlasting gospel of Christ, and that we ever remember him as a brother beloved in the Lord.

“3. That we tender to his bereaved family our hearty sympathy in this affliction, and commend them to the God of all comfort who hath taken our brother to himself.”

This picture, though warm with the glow of Christian love, is life-like and true. The heaven where such men meet will be a blessed place in which to live forever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. SUMMERS AS AN EDITOR

AS an editor Dr. Summers exhibited the excellences and deficiencies of his temperament. Impersonal journalism was impossible to him. He lacked that sort of versatility that enables some persons to yield themselves for the time being to almost any current of thought and flow on with it. His one great ruling passion was to learn something and then to tell it. If you wished to make him happy, ask him a hard question. If he did not have an answer at hand, he knew where to find it. It mattered not whether the question was intrinsically important or not, his interest was equally intense, and his delight in furnishing the answer equally great. Whatever might be omitted in the weekly issue of the *Christian Advocate*, his "Notes and Queries" were sure to be found. A question on the most profound problem in speculative theology, the most awful of the mysteries of faith, or the date of

some minor historical event, would be seized upon with impartial ardor and answered. The one great point with him was to be accurate. He magnified his editorial office as a reviser and corrector. What was drudgery to other men was delight to him. The discovery of slips in syntax, in orthography, in facts and dates in any writing, was to him like finding plums in a pudding; it rewarded his labor and made him feel that he was doing good. At times he had more of this than even he could enjoy. In one of his letters to Bishop Wightman he said he was busy now preparing the manuscripts of a certain famous preacher for the press, "and I am astonished to see how a man of his renown and reputed elegance of diction could be so slipshod and careless. It is terrible work to fall on *me* just now!" It must have been a tangled web of obscurity indeed that extorted such an exclamation from him. His ability and readiness to answer all sorts of inquiries were a snare to him and to his readers. There are many people in the world who have a *penchant* for asking questions.

They are born with minds in the attitude of an interrogation-point toward every thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and everywhere else in the universe, so far as they get any glimpse of its contents. They ask questions just for the sake of indulging this inborn propensity. Dr. Summers's patience and fertility of resource were equal to the curiosity and inquisitiveness of a great company of questioners. And so the "Notes and Queries" flowed on as from a perennial spring, to the delight of many; but others thought that it made the paper too much like a one-stringed instrument, lacking variety of tone. But when he was gone, even the complainers felt the loss, and perhaps had compunctions of conscience for having complained. A few weeks after his death and burial, the writer of these chapters sought a brother editor's office in the Publishing House to get help in the solution of some question demanding his attention. After unavailing search for what was wanted, there was a pause, and one of them looking toward Dr. Summers's office hard by, which was without an occupant

and with closed doors, said, “If the old Doctor were only here!” And as they thought of the familiar presence and kindly voice they would see and hear no more, they sat in silence with moistened eyes. This little episode is indicative of what the whole Church felt when he died—it was the hushing of a voice that was familiar in its homes, and which was that of a father. It was realized that a burning and shining light that freely shed its beams for all had gone out. They who thought they had had too many “Notes and Queries” sorrowed that the busy brain was still and the ready pen laid aside forever.

Perhaps the feature of his editorial work that should have been first mentioned was his sleepless vigilance in guarding and his unfaltering boldness in defending the doctrines of Christianity as held by his Church. Was he not called to the editorial kingdom for just such a time as that which followed the great upheaval of the war between the States? It was a time of great changes, of unrest, of innovation and experimenting in Church and

State. Even our conservative, steady-going Southern Methodists caught the prevalent infection to some extent. At the General Conference, held in New Orleans in 1866, this tendency culminated. If all the changes then proposed in the polity of the Church had been adopted, scarcely a shred of the old garment would have been left. As it was, new departures were taken with regard to several important questions, and lines of policy adopted that will powerfully affect the Church for all future time. This tide of change, threatening revolution, was surging against the sides of the old ship when Dr. Summers was called to edit the connectional organ of the Church. It was a fortunate event. His very failings leaned to the side of safety at such a time. The doctrines that he had embraced with all the ardor of thorough conviction and enthusiastic joy, and the polity and methods that he had found so efficacious in his own early experience, were dearer to him than life. And so he stood, like a sea-wall, to resist the advancing tide of radicalism in thought and in legis-

lation. He was eagle-eyed to discern the least tinge of error according to the existing standards, and swift to expunge or refute it. That he may have been too sensitive, and gone too far at times in the direction of strict construction and rigid adherence to orthodoxy, might be admitted by his warmest friends; while those who differed most widely from his views respected his candor, and could reciprocate the Christian courtesy which never was absent from him even in the heat of discussion. His extreme sensitiveness to the appearance of error was illustrated by his antipathy to the popular hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee." With a toss and shake of the head he ejaculated, "Away with it! it has no Christ in it." The Unitarian authorship of the hymn was the fact that inspired this intolerance. A poet who denied the divinity of his Saviour could not make hymns for this undoubting, demonstrative Trinitarian. An angel's harp attuned to any lower key could not charm his orthodox ear.

Thus it happened that if the literature of Southern Methodism during the period of his

book and newspaper editorship lacked somewhat in freshness and progressiveness, it had its compensating side in that it was sound and solid. Dr. Summers knew the Articles of Religion and Wesley and Watson and Fletcher by heart. He could and did instantly apply the touch-stone to any thing doubtful that fell under his editorial eye. The ring of base metal was detected at once. In the United States mint at San Francisco there was said to be a Chinaman who could by a simple touch instantaneously recognize any coin defective in weight or unduly alloyed. There are persons who seem to be endowed with a special gift of this kind—a peculiar instinct. It was something like this that enabled this guardian of Christian doctrine to catch the flavor of falseness no matter how much it might be disguised by ingenious sophistries or by obscurity of style. If in the pulpit he sat behind a preacher who made the least trip in doctrinal statement or exegesis, an involuntary elevation of the eyebrows or slight negative shake of the head gave evidence that a mental protest was being made

by the sympathetic yet alert listener. A notable instance of his fidelity to his convictions, showing that no consideration of friendship or affection could bias his judgment or cause him to compromise his duty, may be mentioned here. Among his most intimate friends was a distinguished writer and educator of national fame—a man of genius, a scholar and a teacher as estimable and lovable in personal character as he was admirable for his gifts and acquirements in the fields of letters and divinity. This profound and brilliant writer and cherished friend wrote a work on an unhearkened but inviting topic, and put into it his best powers. It was strong, original, beautiful—a masterpiece in thought and style. It was placed in Dr. Summers's hands preparatory to its publication in book-form. It was read by him with admiration and delight, but he thought there was in it a tinge of error with regard to the nature of the Lord Jesus Christ. “Do not print it as it is,” said he to his friend; “it is a noble production—grand, beautiful, and full of inspiration—yet it gives a wrong

view of an important matter. The book printed as it is written would charm many readers, but it would teach error. Revise it, and then print it." This was an invaluable trait in Dr. Summers as an editor: Where the truth was involved, he knew no man after the flesh. Truth was dearer to him than friendship, and if occasion had called for it he would have stood for it against the world. And yet he was personally the most partial of friends. His love for a man magnified every virtue and veiled or palliated every weakness. When he gave his heart to a fellow-creature he gave it all. The old men he loved were all venerated saints, the young men he loved were embryo apostles and sages. The brides he married were the most beautiful on earth, the children he baptized were the sweetest, the saints he buried were the holiest. This disposition to magnify all within the charmed circle of his special friendship often caused a smile, but it made him more lovable, and it had a natural tendency to enlarge that circle. And it was indeed a wide and widening circle that em-

braced the many that had a warm place in their inner hearts for this ingenuous, sympathetic, wide-reaching, yet intense lover of truth and of good people. He could say to a brother minister who differed with him in his mode of stating certain doctrinal points considered fundamental, "Get out of the Methodist Church! You are no Methodist; get out!" and yet do it in such a spirit that the generous, chivalrous object of his orthodox wrath took no offense, but spoke of it in laughing good humor after death had hushed the reproving voice of his censor.

From what has already been said, it will not surprise the reader when we say that as an editor Dr. Summers was more useful than popular. His vast knowledge, his fidelity to truth, his quick and clear perception of the quality of all doctrinal utterances that came under his notice, were recognized and appreciated. He was looked upon as a safe exponent of Methodism, and was regarded with reverence and affection by the whole Church. But he was too much of a polemic, and lived too much in the book-world, to give him access as a writer

to the masses. His mental world was different from theirs. He wrote much that they only glanced at, turning it over to the scholars and students for whom it seemed to be designed. But there was one class of topics in the treatment of which he always touched responsive chords in religious souls. The glow of true piety was in all his utterances with regard to devotion and practical Christianity. The inspiration of a devout and earnest Christian spirit was unmistakable. The spontaneity and enthusiasm of his nature appeared and had full sweep when he wrote on this line of things. His exegetics and homiletics might smell of the lamp, but when he talked of God as a Father, of Jesus as a Saviour, and of the Holy Spirit as a Comforter, his thoughts were perfumed with the odors of heaven. A favorite theme with him was the resurrection. At the joyous Easter season it was his custom every year to indite an elaborate article on that soul-inspiring topic, and the pages of the *Christian Advocate* then seemed to glow with the light and throb with the resurrection-life of the Son.

of God. To him the fact of the resurrection of the body of Jesus was certain, and the hope of his own resurrection lively and joyous. Hear him speak on his favorite theme:

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

The Feast of the Resurrection has been observed by nearly all the Christian Church from the times of the apostles. The first disciples of Christ were all Jews, and they did not cease to observe the Feast of the Passover when they separated themselves from their unbelieving brethren. But in keeping it they looked back upon the death and resurrection of Christ as accomplished facts, as before those events took place they looked forward to their accomplishment in the future. "Christ our Passover," says Paul, "is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast." When the Gentiles were converted, and brought into the Church, they united with their Hebrew brethren in this celebration, as this passover belongs to all the Israel of God, whether Jews or Gentiles. In a few years, indeed, a controversy arose between the two constituencies of the Church as to the day on which the *Pascha* should be observed; whether it should be always two days after the day of the vernal full moon, when the Jews had been accustomed to celebrate the passover, or the first Sunday after it, as our Lord arose on Sunday. But this controversy was settled at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, in favor of the Sunday celebration, and nearly all the Christian world has so observed it ever since.

There is, indeed, no positive scriptural command for its observance; but as it tends so greatly to establish the faith of Christendom, and is withal so inspiring to our hopes, and so exceeding full of comfort and joy, we should demand a positive prohibition before we would dream of relinquishing so great a benefit.

The very fact of its observance down through all the Christian ages is a powerful argument in favor of Christianity—indeed, it constitutes one of the historical evidences of its truth, which cannot be readily set aside. It is not wonderful that skeptics should call in question the great fact of the resurrection of Christ, and should expend all their strength in efforts to disprove it—for Christianity stands or falls with it. But despite the bungling attempts of the Jews to disprove it at the time of its occurrence, and the more subtle attempts of Hume, Strauss, Renan, Schenkel, Cobbe, Abbott, and others of modern times, its importance as a doctrine is beyond all hyperbole.

The presumptions, proofs, and demonstrations of the resurrection of Christ are as clear, cogent, and satisfactory as ever they were. They cannot be weakened by the lapse of time. The attacks of infidels have led to more thorough apologetic investigation, and the fuller and more satisfactory establishment of the claims of the Gospel histories to the antiquity, genuineness, and authenticity which we have claimed for them. Infidels no longer question the identity of Jesus of Nazareth—they admit the substantial verity of the Gospels—they allow that the wonderful Nazarene peas-

ant was a man of surpassing wisdom and virtue, and that he was unjustly and barbarously put to death. But his resurrection, they contend, is a myth devised by his credulous and fanatical followers. But all the presumptions are point-blank opposed to this. The Gospels which inform us of his wisdom and virtue record also his miracles and prophecies; in particular they tell us that he repeatedly predicted his own death and resurrection—the circumstances of his death, and the time of his resurrection. As a wise man, he would not venture on such predictions unless he foresaw the facts; and as a good man, he could not utter pretended predictions which he knew were false.

It is admitted that Jesus died as he predicted—precisely so in regard to the time and place and manner and agents in the bloody tragedy. The exact fulfillment of the prediction of his death affords a strong presumption in favor of his prediction concerning his resurrection within three days. Accordingly, on the morning of the third day his tomb is vacant. That tomb was a new one, excavated in the solid rock, with but one way of entrance or exit, and that way was closed with a great stone which was rolled to the mouth of the sepulcher, securely fastened, and carefully sealed, and vigilantly guarded by a band of Roman soldiers. When the stone was found rolled away, and the body was gone, the Jews indeed started a clumsy story, and bribed the Roman guard to give it currency, that the disciples of Jesus stole away the body while they were asleep! A Roman guard asleep at their post when certain death was the

penalty! All of the cohort asleep at the same time! All so sound asleep that not one of them was aroused by the rolling away of the stone and the carrying away of the corpse! And then the disciples, who had recently forsaken their Master with cowardly fear, had suddenly mustered the courage to steal his corpse from under the custody of a band of armed soldiers, they themselves unarmed! The disciples, who were few and feeble and dispirited, they stole him away! And pray what did they do with him after stealing him? Where did they put him? What became of him? Did they exhibit the corpse as a *souvenir*—a mummy as a memento of their once loved Master, who had shamefully betrayed their undoubting trust and cruelly disappointed all their sanguine hopes! No, no; the disciples may have betrayed him, denied him, forsaken him, or even bemoaned him, but they never had the courage nor the folly to steal him!

Of course, no one supposes that the Romans or Jews removed him, as that would tend to support the imposture which they detested. The presumption is therefore strong and impregnable that he rose from the dead, as he and the prophets had predicted.

The proofs of Christ's resurrection are clear and cogent. He showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs. He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, one of his constant attendants; then to other women, to whom he was most familiarly known. Then to Simon Peter, who had just before denied him, and bitterly repented the de-

nial. Then to two disciples on a journey to Emmaus, where he made himself known to them in his peculiar manner of breaking bread and conversing with them. Then, on the same Sunday, to ten of the apostles who were met together in a private room for fear of the Jews, who were excited by the account of his resurrection. He knew where they were, and why they were there, and he opened the door unexpectedly, and "then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." A week after, he visited them in like manner when all the eleven were present, and challenged the persistent skepticism of one of them who was absent at the former interview, and overcame his unbelief by showing the scars of the wounds in his hands and feet and side, and forced him to exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" Thus, the incredulity of Thomas, being overcome with such overwhelming evidence, tends to the firmer establishment of our faith. He had a special, personal interview with James—at what time and for what particular reason are not recorded. He showed himself under remarkable circumstances to seven of the apostles on the Sea of Tiberias, where he had been accustomed during life to have intercourse with them. The miracle which he then wrought established the identity of their Master; and his eating with them, as on a former interview, showed that he had really risen in his own body of flesh and bones, and that it was not a phantom which had appeared to them. He afterward fulfilled an engagement with the eleven apostles on a mountain in Galilee; and about the same time showed himself to above five

hundred brethren at once, some of whom were still living when several years afterward Paul positively made the assertion. He finally summoned all the apostles together and led them out as far as the confines of the region of Bethany, on the brow of Mount Olivet, where, after repeating the great gospel commission, "he was parted from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight." He ascended into heaven, and they saw him ascend.

Let it be borne in mind that Christ did not make his appearance to promiscuous crowds, whose fanatical frenzy would make them ineligible as witnesses to such a fact—to establish his personal identity. But it was to those who knew him well, and were in all respects best qualified to depose to such a fact if it had really occurred—and they did depose to it. They said that they talked familiarly and frequently with him; they ate and drank with him; they looked closely upon him, and handled him. They knew his form, his features, his voice, his manner, and when he thus appeared to them they said, "It is the Lord!" "The Lord is risen indeed!" And they never wavered in their testimony. They knew it would involve the sacrifice of friends, reputation, property, ease, comfort, and life itself; but notwithstanding this, they never faltered or failed in bearing witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, till they sealed their testimony and attested their sincerity by their blood. They challenged the most rigid scrutiny into the case, at the very time and place when and where it professedly occurred; and the result was a most triumphant

vindication of its reality, for thousands upon thousands believed the fact, and even a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith.

The record of these occurrences was made shortly after they took place by eye-witnesses, who were *quorum pars* in the premises; and their statements were unchallenged by their enemies. Their narratives were copied and translated into the principal tongues then spoken, and were circulated all over the world. They were quoted so extensively in the works of friends and foes, during the century or two which followed their publication, that if the Gospels were lost nearly all their contents could be supplied from the works in question.

Imposture was absolutely impossible—there could be no fraud. What room was there for deception? As little was there for fanaticism or mistake. There are no writings upon the earth so remarkable for simplicity, consistency, majesty, and self-evidencing truthfulness as the Christian Scriptures. Any man shows himself to be a fool who says that Matthew or John was one. “This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that his testimony is true.”

This testimony was borne against the violent opposition of all the civil and ecclesiastical powers upon the earth, as well as against popular rage and malice; and yet it was borne consistently, persistently, successfully. Had Jesus appeared to the priests and rulers, Jewish or Roman, and had they, as such, espoused his cause, there might have

been ground to suspect collusion and fraud, as the powers of the earth have been ready enough to ally themselves with impostors for ulterior purposes of worldly aggrandizement. But he passed them all by, and appeared to his own obscure followers, who had nothing but honesty and sincerity, and perfect acquaintance with him and his cause, and an undying affection for both, to qualify them for their office and work as witnesses of his resurrection. Yes, they had other qualifications, as we shall now notice.

Locke says: "Those intervening ideas which serve to show the agreement of any two others are called proofs; and where the agreement or disagreement is by this means plainly and clearly perceived, it is called demonstration."

In addition to the pregnant presumptions and impregnable proofs of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, there were and are absolutely overpowering demonstrations of the fact. The ancient prophets had predicted that great signs and wonders should attest the resurrection of the Messiah; and John the Baptist had declared that he should baptize his disciples with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Jesus himself had explained and repeated these predictions, assuring his disciples that though he should die he would rise again, and though it was not expedient for him to remain with them after his resurrection, yet he would send them another Paraclete to abide with them forever, even the Spirit of the truth. He told them just as he was about leaving them that they should be "baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Accordingly, ten days after his ascen-

sion, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, he poured out the Spirit upon them in a most copious baptism, the symbolic fire sitting upon them like cloven tongues, as if it was designed to indicate the polyglottal powers with which they were suddenly and miraculously endowed. Then, indeed, did they receive the promise of the Father; then were they, according to his assurance, endued with power from on high. They could speak with tongues they never had learned, and thus were qualified to go and teach all nations. They comprehended infallibly all that their Master had told them—his divine teachings being brought to their remembrance by the inspiring Paraclete, who by his plenary influence qualified them for their work. By his inspiration they could discern spirits, they could predict future events, they could understand all mysteries. By his efficacious powers working within them they could perform astounding miracles, causing the lame to walk, the blind to see, the dead to live. These signs and wonders were displayed before assembled multitudes, and before select companies, and under different circumstances, and at various times, and with great frequency, throughout the whole course of their lives; and to show that there was no possibility of collusion, or fraud, or imposture, they were enabled to impart the *charismata* of the Spirit—miraculous gifts and powers—to their converts, and did so in all parts of the world whither they went. They thus not only established their divine legation as apostles, but also demonstrated the resurrection of their Lord. For, put the case:

Suppose he was an impostor, and, of course, never rose from the dead (for God does not work miracles to establish imposture)—suppose he had “seen corruption,” whether in Joseph’s tomb where he was first laid, or in another to which, as the Jews pretended, his disciples conveyed him—would any one of his predictions have been verified? Would he have poured out the Spirit on the day of Pentecost? Would he have endued the disciples with power from on high? Would he have—but we are ashamed to continue the category of absurdities. Without Easter, no Pentecost! No resurrection, no ascension; no ascension, no baptism of the Spirit. Without this, no gospel to be preached; no apostles to preach; and if there were, their preaching would be vain, and our faith would be vain. Christianity would be an absurdity, an impossibility. But is there no Christianity? Has there been no Pentecost? Have ye not received the Holy Ghost? Every sinner who has been awakened by the gospel call—who has felt the stirrings of the Spirit, yielded to his grace, experienced his regenerating power and his inward witness—carries about with him a demonstration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. And how overpowering the demonstration, when we cite the multitudes that no man can number, of every nation and kindred and tongue, who have felt his resurrection power, and whose holy and happy lives, and hopeful and triumphant deaths, attest the glorious fact! This demonstration gathers strength as the ages roll along, and the nations of the redeemed are multiplied upon the earth. The

noble outburst of the apostle, who was one of the first witnesses of it, shall go on echoing down through the corridors of time: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!” Instead of waning, this grand demonstration will wax stronger and stronger until it shall receive its glorious culmination when the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall raise the sleeping millions of his saints, for the resurrection of the members will indeed attest the resurrection of their Head, as his resurrection is the guaranty of theirs.

Dr. Summers had a passion for editorial work. “I have nothing to edit,” he said one day in 1879 or 1880, and there was a real pathos in his tone. Nothing to edit! He felt as if he had lapsed into idleness, though he was then Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University, Dean of the Theological Faculty in that institution, and Book Editor of the Southern Methodist Church. Not long after, he was recalled to the editorship of the Southern Methodist *Quarterly Review*; and he threw into that service extraordinary energy. The quantity and quality of his work astonished

even his most partial friends. A large part of the contents of each number was from his own tireless pen. As if with a premonition that the night was coming when no more work could be done by him, he hastened to put on record his matured views concerning the questions that were then engaging the thought of his own Church and the Christian world in general. His doctrinal views were expressed with an earnestness of conviction that seemed to be intensified by longer study and ampler reading. There was at times a sort of sharpness that indicated a growing impatience with those who diluted the truth or in any manner tampered with it as it stood in the orthodox standards to which he had given his adhesion. The proposition to use unfermented wine in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper filled his soul with blazing indignation. "Slops at the Lord's-table! Slops! I would not consent to such nonsense—no, not for one moment. No, sir, that will never be done by me!" And his teeth would "champ" with that peculiar energy exhibited by him when

under mental excitement. The strain on his nervous system reacted on his style toward the last, and there was in one or two instances an intensity that was almost painful. Always sufficiently dogmatic, there was at the same time such a tone of frank good nature about all he said that it was very rare that even those who felt most keenly the force of his blows thought of taking offense. Under the circumstances mentioned his dogmatism seemed to be more pronounced, but his deep-rooted, invincible Christian charity shone forth as beautifully as ever. A correspondence between him and his brother editor and commentator, the clear, strong, keen-edged Dr. Daniel Whedon, of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, showed how two veteran journalistic warriors, who had shivered many a lance in tilts when the red flag was flying, could love each other when the white banner of peace was floating over Church and State. It was a little amusing to see how each of them sturdily stood to their old positions verbally, and yet clasped hands in mutual recognition of Christian no-

bility. It was a striking illustration of a truth too often forgotten, namely, that unity of spirit may coexist with large difference in ideas. The general acceptance of this truth by the followers of our Lord must precede and prepare the way for the fulfillment of his sacerdotal prayer that his disciples may be one, even as he and his Father are one. Agreement in ideas will follow, not precede, agreement in spirit and in the object supremely sought. When a consuming love shall have fused the hearts of believers everywhere into one glowing mass, their minds will naturally be molded into substantial unity of opinion. They will then get close enough to each other to give to the persuasiveness of unsectarian love a proselyting power denied to coercive authority, polemic skill, or any other carnal weapon. The unity of the spirit must come first, and then whatever form and degree of external oneness is involved in the promise of the Head of the Church will quickly follow. And then the Bride of Christ will be arrayed in her beautiful garments, and the world will be ravished

with her charms. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God will shine, and Jesus, lifted up before the nations in the fullness of his grace and saving power by his spotless Church, will draw all men unto him. The love that was in the heart of Dr. Summers was a greater contribution to the forces that shall hasten that happy time than all his arguments for the truth that seemed to him so clear and against the errors that seemed to him so glaring.

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. SUMMERS AS A TEACHER.

THE offer of the chair of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University, made in the year 1874, was too tempting to Dr. Summers to be declined. His tastes and studies led that way. His nearest friends advised him to accept, and a great variety of concurrent circumstances inclined him to do so.

He took hold of his work at Vanderbilt with characteristic energy. The great possibilities of the new university, so richly endowed and so ably manned, fired his enthusiasm. As the central and leading institution of Southern Methodism, planted at Nashville, the denominational head-quarters, with a broad curriculum and a generous catholicity within strictly evangelical lines, great things seemed possible to it. The gift of the founder seemed to be so opportune, and the initiatory measures so wisely taken, that men of weaker faith than Dr. Summers thought they plainly discerned in

the whole matter the hand of God, whose mercies had been so wonderfully manifested to the South, while the track of devastating war was yet fresh, and while its women were yet weeping among the graves of its dead heroes. The benefaction of Commodore Vanderbilt for Christian education in the South seemed to mark the real turn in the tide of fortune, and gave a softening touch and new hope to millions of hearts.

Under these conditions and with these hopes and aspirations Dr. Summers entered upon his duties in the theological department of Vanderbilt University. As he was also editor of the *Christian Advocate*, matters took such a turn as might have been expected. The diligent editor and the enthusiastic professor being blended in the same energetic personality, the readers of the paper were frequently and fully apprised of what was being done at the university. Every thing, from the gift of a rare old book to the library to a half million of dollars to the endowment, was recorded. The Southern Methodist people at least were made

to know that they had an infant university born under happy auspices and giving promise of healthy and rapid growth. If any of his readers thought he gave too much space to this favorite topic, nobody suspected any worse motive than his unselfish and not unamiable tendency to magnify whatever appealed directly and strongly to his approbation. He and others were reminded that a great university may be a creation as to its purpose and plan, but that it must have time in which to grow. He lived to see Vanderbilt deeply planted in good soil; those who come after him, there is abundant reason to hope, will see the full consummation of the grand and beneficent conception in which it originated.

As a teacher, as in every thing else he undertook, he was an enthusiast. To him Vanderbilt University was the most important of all the schools in the world, the Biblical school the most important of all its departments, and his chair the most important of all its chairs. This view of the matter filled him with contagious zeal, and imparted a zest and freshness

of spirit in his work that were charming and cheering. The most phlegmatic theologue was roused by his energy and vivacity. If some of his lectures seemed more copious in exegetical or other information than seemed needful, a bit of harmless satire or a flash of wit would be sure to come in at some point to relieve its heaviness. The perennial youthfulness of his spirit constantly exhibited itself. When he was before his classes as a lecturer, the hilarity at times was such as to excite the wonder of visitors or new students. But he was so truly devout that a profoundly religious tone pervaded all his work and intercourse with the young men, not one of whom ever doubted his piety, or withheld from him genuine esteem and affection. When the shadows grew deeper around him during those last sad months when he was slowly dying, it was touching to see how tenderly they regarded him, and how deeply they felt the pathos of the situation when now and then there would be a feeble flickering of the flame of his old-time wit and humor. In their strong arms they bore him

up the stairs to his lecture-room when he had become too weak to go without assistance.

His wide reading, unfailing memory, sound judgment, devout spirit, and flawless orthodoxy were conspicuously exhibited in his work as a theological teacher. He knew the standards of his Church, and held to them with unquestioning tenacity. He knew what was heresy and where it lurked, and warned his pupils against it. He knew the difference between a man-made, perfunctory, professional preacher and one called and equipped of God for his sacred vocation, and he furnished an illustration of what a preacher should be in the glowing fervor of his own soul and the unstinted service that he was always ready to give whenever and wherever there was a chance to do good. His example as a Christian minister was as wholesome as his doctrine was orthodox. His colleagues formed with him a select circle combining qualities rarely met in such full measure among an equal number of men. There was Dr. A. M. Shipp, a Grecian in scholarship, a Roman in dignified simplicity and strength

of character; Dr. Thomas J. Dodd, deep in Hebrew, silver-tongued in English, a Christian gentleman whose society was an inspiration to conduct and an education in manners; and Dr. John C. Granbery, whose deep spirituality, strong, well-balanced intellect, and thorough Christian and scholastic culture have since caused him to be called to the bishopric.

Dr. Summers's personality pervaded the university to a remarkable degree. He scattered his knowledge broadcast in his lectures; he acted as chaplain when necessary, being always ready to preach; when a visitor did the preaching he was there to introduce him and conclude the service; he was present and an active participant in all the social devotional meetings of the university; and as Dean of the Faculty he represented the institution at home and abroad. These manifold functions suited his temperament, and he came as near attaining ubiquity and perpetual motion in his own person as is possible to a mortal man. When it is remembered that during all this time he was the editor of a religious periodical and

general book editor of the Church, and a frequent supply for the pulpits of the different Protestant denominations of Nashville, an idea may be formed of his amazing working capacity. No busier life has been given to the cause of Christ than that of Dr. Summers. He gave his all, and he gave it ungrudgingly, joyfully.

His work during the eight years of his service for Vanderbilt University will be bearing fruit in generations yet to come. It was the work of a man of God who exhibited the spirit of his Master in all his toils, and was faithful unto death.

CHAPTER XX.

DR. SUMMERS AS A PREACHER

THE heading of this chapter will stir tender and sacred memories in the minds of many readers. They will remember the compact, elastic frame, the reverend gray head, the strong, sonorous voice, the impetuous rush of his utterance, the play of his wit, and the touches of true because unpremeditated pathos.

His voice was one that the hearer did not like at first—it was an overbearing sort of voice; but soon it was felt that it was his own natural voice, and suited him. In his prayers certain forms of expression taken from the ancient liturgies were often on his lips. But he had too much of genuine Methodist spontaneity to stop with these formal petitions, and he pleaded with God with importunate earnestness. He was powerful in prayer in the true sense of the word. He read a hymn with something of a flourish—when it happened to be one that he specially liked he would roll

it forth with a strength of voice and a zest that was peculiar to himself. Indeed, he would almost declaim his favorite hymns, throwing himself into striking attitudes and trumpeting the verses in tones so energetic as to startle the unprepared listener. Intensity characterized all he did in the pulpit. If he recited the events in a Biblical narrative; if he presented the facts bearing upon any special transaction; if he conducted an argument in support of any doctrine of Christianity; if he made an appeal to the conscience of a sinner, or sought to administer comfort to a sorrowing heart—no matter what he undertook, he put his whole soul and body into it. Whatever he had in hand was for the time being the one question of absorbing interest to him. And so his audiences always felt sure that they would be interested and instructed by his sermons. At times he made free use of notes; but he could not submit to their restraint, and breaking away from them he would rush to the edge of the rostrum, and charge home upon his hearers with astonishing vehemence. He had a way when much

aroused of turning upon any clerical brother who might be sitting behind him in the pulpit and personating him as an objector to the truth, belaboring fearfully the supposititious blockhead or heretic. Once he was preaching on the unity of the human race, and after proving to his own perfect satisfaction that God had indeed made of one blood all the nations of the earth, he turned upon an unsuspecting preacher who sat behind him and thundered at him with these words: "And yet you tell me that the Bible is wrong, and that the silly and conceited infidels of to-day are right! Do n't you see, sir, that you are an offense to reason, religion, and modesty?" gesticulating fiercely as he spoke, his clinched fist coming in alarmingly close proximity to the face of the astonished and innocent brother who almost felt as if he ought to rise and disclaim the sentiments thus attributed to him. The audience smiled at the undisguised uneasiness of the assumed heretic, well knowing that if all the actual heretics in the world were placed in Dr. Summers's power the worst they would have to fear

would be a heavy and protracted bombardment of facts and argumentation.

A chief excellence of Dr. Summers's sermons was his firm grasp of the principles and complete mastery of the facts involved in the subject discussed. If asked what was his peculiar style of preaching, it would be hard to answer categorically. No preacher worthy of the name is wholly expository, textual, or topical. He is all of these in turn, his mode of treating a text differing according to the attendant circumstances and the nature of the text itself. He excelled in exposition of the Scriptures, and delighted in it. In discussing any of the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity he poured forth a wealth of learning and an array of scriptural proofs that left nothing to be desired. If the affluence of his resources at times made him go beyond the necessities of the case and the patience of a class of hearers, the most thoughtful and intelligent persons among them felt amply repaid for their time and attention. Nobody ever dreaded that he would present a congregation with a crude, ill-digested, half-

prepared discourse. He might now and then be over-elaborate and redundant in learning, but never shallow and slipshod in the pulpit. He used only beaten oil in the sanctuary, being free from that mixture of weak egotism and stupid fanaticism that leads some men to think that a miracle will be wrought for a man in the pulpit to save him from the legitimate consequences of his indolence out of it. Dr. Summers fed the people with knowledge, and hearers with healthy minds relished the wholesome fare he set before them. He was not lacking in rhetorical adornment and illustrative imagery, but these were incidental to the main purpose of his preaching, which was to instruct, to reprove, to persuade, and to save his hearers. That this was his aim was apparent to all, and if some peculiarity of expression or gesture at times caused a smile or a laugh it was but as a bubble on the surface of a stream whose current was running deep and strong below. He was what some would have called a doctrinal preacher—a vague expression used to describe alike the masters who unfold and illuminate

the great underlying principles of the gospel and the tedious tormentors whose "doctrinal" sermons have no more life than skeletons hung on wires. Doctrinal with these latter means dry, dusty, drowsy, dead. With Dr. Summers it meant Christian truth in its grand simplicity, its far-reaching relations, and its searching application. In this sense he was a great doctrinal preacher, often preaching sermons that left in the mind of every intelligent and receptive hearer a permanent deposit of religious knowledge and inspiration. Particular discourses delivered by him here and there are remembered with special delight by those who heard them. One preached before the Holston Conference while it was in session at Knoxville is mentioned by those who heard it as having been sublime in its sweep of thought and overwhelming in power. Every great preacher, according to the popular judgment, preaches "the greatest sermon of his life" many times. Such men are carried beyond themselves by conditions that conspire to fill all the channels of thought, imagination, and

emotion, and at length the full tide of inspired oratory overflows its banks and sweeps all before it. "In 1859 or 1860," says the Rev. John F. Hughes, of the Tennessee Conference, "I heard Dr. Summers preach in Columbia, Tenn., a sermon on the offices and work of the Holy Spirit that I shall never forget. He went into the pulpit baptized with the Spirit. His prayer gave evidence of the fact that God was with his servant. He was full of the great theme, and as he proceeded with the discourse his own soul took fire, and the immense congregation kindled with him. There was in the congregation an old brother from the country who, though possessed of large wealth, was a man of great humility and deep consecration. Having taken in the grand argument and caught the glowing spirit of the preacher, his soul swelled within him with irrepressible feeling until at last he bowed his head in holy joy and shouted the praise of God. The whole congregation was stirred by that wonderful sermon, and many were melted to tears." While preaching on such themes as this there often came

upon him in a remarkable degree that something which is more than knowledge, more than logic, more than rhetoric, more than voice or gesture—that afflatus from above, that indescribable, indefinable element of pulpit power that gives a new intonation to the voice, a strange radiance to the countenance, and an outgoing of new power that is seen and felt in every organ of expression—the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The pleasant sketch of Dr. McNeilly told us how Dr. Summers was regarded as a preacher in Nashville outside of his own Church. Familiar as were the Methodists of the city with his presence in the pulpit for so many years, he held his ground with them to the last. The sermonic reservoir from which he drew was fed from too many springs to be exhausted by the frequency of his preaching. His religious character was too positive to allow of any diminution of personal Christian influence because of this familiarity. The Nashville Methodists had the advantage of the pulpit ministrations of many of the first preachers in the Connec-

tion. Among the preachers of the Tennessee Conference was Dr. J. B. McFerrin, whose perennial freshness and extraordinary power have been the marvel of two generations; Dr. A. L. P. Green, lucid, persuasive, massive, grand, instructing and convincing the old and charming the young; Dr. John W. Hanner, whose first preaching when he was yet a youth charmed all classes of hearers, whose pulpit oratory ripened into a unique and almost matchless excellence, and the music of whose voice will be echoing among the Cumberland hills long after he shall be sleeping among them; Dr. Joseph B. West, the march of whose smooth and majestic periods in his best sermons was like that of a victorious army; Dr. R. A. Young, a sure shot, having a distinct aim and hitting every time; Dr. D. C. Kelley, a live man, vital all over and all through, up with his times and a little ahead now and then; Dr. R. K. Brown, with masterly skill searching the conscience and melting the heart; Dr. J. D. Barbee, moving across the field of pulpit discussion like a McCormick

reaper, cutting a wide swath and cutting it clear and clean; Dr. W. M. Leftwich, many-sided, brilliant, and strong; Dr. W. D. F. Sawrie, who has kindled and fed many a blaze of spiritual illumination; Dr. J. M. Wright, Erasmus-like in love of learning, a scholar and a preacher of great strength and rare culture; John F. Hughes, whose spiritual children lovingly greet his gray hairs in all parts of Middle Tennessee and North Alabama; Fountain E. Pitts, whose eloquence stirred great assemblies with irresistible power, still lingering and preaching in and around Nashville, like the expiring flashes of a storm-cloud whose thunder and flame had filled the heavens; T. L. Moody, J. Wiley Hill, J. P. McFerrin, and other younger men of that body—besides the resident Bishop, Connectional officers, and clerical members of the Vanderbilt Faculty. Among such men, most of whom came and went under the operation of the itinerant law of rotation, Dr. Summers for twenty years maintained his position as a master in the pulpit and a leader in Christian thought.

Had Dr. Summers been less eminent in other departments of Christian service, perhaps he would have ranked higher with his contemporaries as a preacher. Mankind do not like to place many crowns on the head of one man while living. The great orators are not often counted among the great writers. A man's fame may be obscured at one point by its superior effulgence at another.

Dr. Summers never allowed the pressure of other labors put upon him by the Church to obliterate or diminish the conviction that preaching was his vocation. And from what we know of the quality and extent of his pulpit labors, we may anticipate for him an abundant reward when his Lord shall reckon with him for the use made by him of the talents intrusted to him as a preacher of the gospel of the grace of God.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERSONAL, AND SLIGHTLY SUBJECTIVE.

MY first acquaintance with Dr. Summers was at the General Conference in New Orleans, April, 1866. I did not like him at first sight; but few persons did. The loud voice, the overbearing manner, the superabundant self-assertion generally, repelled me. I could not help admiring the promptness, vigor, and accuracy with which he discharged the duties of Secretary—always ready, always full of repressed energy, and nearly always precisely right on all disputed questions in which he took any interest. I was a member of the Committee on the Centenary of American Methodism, of which he was chairman. When we met I was amused and annoyed by his conduct. Turning to each one of us in turn, he demanded in his imperative way:

“What do you know about this matter?”

The other members of the committee, like myself, made such answers as came to hand--

one timidly suggesting a fact in the shape of an inquiry, another said he was going to look up the points when he got to his room, and one or two of us frankly confessed that we were not well informed on the subject before us.

“Is that all you know about it?” thundered Summers to the committee, some of whom smiled, while others looked resentful. He then proceeded to state the facts with regard to the introduction of Methodism into the United States so clearly and fully, with such absolute precision as to names and dates, as to leave nothing farther to be said or done, except to move that he, as chairman, embody them in a report for us to sign. That committee did not meet again. The report was made to the Conference, and accepted by it as it was by the committee. Nobody thought of entering the lists against him in a matter of that sort. He was almanac, dictionary, and encyclopedia.

His assistants in the work of Secretary claim a word. One was Edward H. Myers, a man whose exterior belied his real nature in a remarkable degree. In repose his face was cold

and haughty in expression, and wore a sort of sneer that gave a stranger the impression that he felt for him a special contempt. And yet there was no kindlier, nobler heart than that which beat in his bosom. When you came to know him the very *hauteur* of his carriage and sneer on his features were lost sight of. The great, loving nature drew you to him and held you with hooks of steel, and the brilliant dark eyes magnetized you with their softened intensity of expression. In the pulpit, when the afflatus of the Holy Spirit fell on him, as it did at times, his power and pathos swept all before him. In revival scenes—such as I remember in the old days when I knew him at Macon, in Georgia—mighty tides of religious joy would flood his soul, his face would become luminous with the reflection of the inner light, its whole expression changed, and the deep joy of his heart vented itself in the holy laughter and irrepressible shouts that so strangely thrilled all that were in the house of God. Hallowed scenes, blessed memories! never to be forgotten until the scattered actors meet again by the

crystal wave on the golden shore. The death of Myers was a fitting one for such a man, and gave him the martyr's crown. He died of yellow fever in Savannah, Georgia, in 1876, whither he had hastened from the North on the first appearance of the pestilence, rightly thinking that at such a time the place of a pastor is with his people. His name is linked to those of Dibrell and Wills and Starr and Steel and Slater and Wilkinson, the sainted heroes of Southern Methodism who were faithful unto death, dying at their posts for the love of Jesus and of humanity.

James A. Duncan—"Jimmy Duncan," the old men of the Virginia Conference fondly called him—was a contrast to Myers in that he captivated you at once. Nobody could resist him. He was the favorite of the old, the idol of the young, the prince of the pulpit, the soul of the social circle, admired and listened to with delight by the statesmen and warriors whose names were filling the world, loved by little children—simply great, and grand in his unpretentious goodness, he was the petted but

unspoiled child of the Church. At New Orleans, in 1866, he was in the flower of his genius and at the zenith of his popularity. A glance at him was enough to show that he was born for leadership. The strong, well-knit frame, the manly, modest bearing, the noble head with its covering of rich auburn hair, the clear blue eye that reflected the varying emotions expressed by the lips, the orator's mouth, the indefinable grace and dignity of his manner in the pulpit and everywhere—all marked him as a man among men. It was said that the sermon preached by him in Carondelet Street Church during the Conference was not one of his best, but it was clear-cut as a cameo, perfect in structure, and just what the occasion demanded. The text was, "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." (Hebrews xi. 27.) He showed what it was that gave dignity, unity, and power to the career of Moses, applied the lesson, and quit in a half hour, leaving his hearers feeling as if they had listened to the sweetest music, and wishing for more. This is not the place to tell how the

scheme to get him to the Pacific Coast failed of success; how by one vote he failed to be called to the bishopric; how he wrought for Christian education and for the conversion of sinners; and how the great career was suddenly cut short by death, and amid the tears of the whole Church he was laid in the grave. Had he lived longer, he would have claimed a larger space in the written history of the Church; but there is more of pathos in the broken column than in the finished shaft of monumental marble.

At the General Conference at Atlanta, May, 1878, I met Dr. Summers again. As usual, he was Secretary. During the twelve years he had changed but little. A slight decline was manifest in the aggressiveness of his individuality and in the vigor of his voice and step. But he was the same unfailing repository of facts and dates, and now and then his sonorous speech was heard in peremptory challenge of a mistake made by somebody or in dogmatic assertion concerning some contested point. A little episode indicated the spirit that was

in him. A gifted, eloquent member of the body—a man of generous and chivalric nature, but at times impulsive and rash in speech—flung at him a satire that struck him in a tender place. It evidently stung him. As soon as the member sat down he rose to his feet and replied to his remarks, confining himself to the point in issue. Then, pausing a moment, and looking at his assailant with calm benignity of manner, he said gently:

“As to the unkind personal remark of my brother, I have no reply to make.”

He sat down and resumed his writing, while whispers went round the assembly, “That was well done,” “Good for Summers,” and such like expressions. The soft answer had conquered. That was characteristic of the man. His bark was worse than his bite—indeed, there was no bite in his nature. He was incapable of malice or revenge, though he had his likes and antipathies with the rest of us.

At this Conference I was elected his successor as editor of the General Conference organ, the Nashville *Christian Advocate*. He was one

of the first to approach me with congratulations, though it was not without a pang that he gave up to another a work he had so long been doing, and which he loved.

“Go back to California and get your family,” he said in his hearty way; “I will take care of the paper until you get to your post.” It was a timely and welcome word, and was the beginning of a real acquaintance with Dr. Summers. He edited the paper with unremitting fidelity during the weeks that I was away, without fee or reward except the pleasure of doing a brother and his Church a service in time of need. I was his junior and successor. He welcomed me cordially on my return from California and entrance upon my editorial labors. I soon found that I was thrown with a man of singularly lofty and unselfish nature. The interest he took in me was not curious or critical, but fraternal in its character. He was in my office one day a few weeks after I had begun my work, and after some kind words concerning the *Christian Advocate* under my management, he said in his bluff way:

“Did you know, sir, that you were my man? If there was to be a change in the editorship, you were the man I wanted, and I voted for you.”

“Well, then,” said I, “as you helped to put me in my difficult position, you must stand by me and help me.”

“Stand by you! Yes, be sure I will; and I’ll scold you and I’ll whip you if you go wrong, young man!” he exclaimed in a tone that made me feel that there was a wise head, a warm heart, and a strong arm at hand for counsel, sympathy, and support. Never once did he fail me during the four years of intimate association. He was always ready at a moment’s notice to lay aside his task to help me in mine. Day or night he was willing to take part of a brother’s burden, however heavy might be his own. Absolute unselfishness was the law of his life, and it expressed itself most beautifully at all times. I found myself drawing nearer and nearer to this man who followed so closely in the steps of his Master who came not to be ministered unto but to minister to

others. The sound of his step on the stairway and of his voice became pleasant to me, and I often thanked God in my heart for placing me in association with a disciple so like his Lord.

His generous feeling toward his successor just at this time, and his zeal for the interest of the Church as involved in the prosperity of its Connectional organ, found expression in this card, which he published in the *Christian Advocate* at the date indicated:

My Dear Successor: I like your Salutatory. It has the right ring. It reminds me that I made no formal valedictory. I wrote my virtual valedictory before I went to the General Conference, and repeated it when I announced your election. Then I was tapering off for a month or two, and so was spared the difficult task of writing a formal farewell. Allow me to say to my old readers that I do not part with them without peculiar feelings, which I will not attempt to describe. If I have offended any, I have not done so consciously; but I beg their pardon, which they will generously grant. If any have done me wrong during my editorial course, *they perhaps will not forgive me*—it is easy for me to forgive them. I cannot reply to all the kind letters which I receive. I am very thankful.

You are my chosen successor. I doubt not you will suc-

ceed. Your first issue gives earnest of that. I know not that I can help you, but it is in my heart to do so. The Lord grant you great success!

T. O. SUMMERS.

At times I got more than I wanted from him. If, on going into his room, which adjoined my own, to get help in the solution of some difficult or obscure question, the subject happened to be one of special interest to him, down he would throw pen or pencil or paper and rising to his feet he would pour forth a flood of learning that seemed to be inexhaustible. I was constantly struck with fresh astonishment at the copiousness of his reading, the strength of his memory, and the soundness of his judgment. But when I got a treatise instead of an answer to a simple question it was more than I bargained for, and I came to be careful how I asked questions of him when I was in a hurry. It was like opening the gates of a dike when the sea was at high tide. It was always high tide with Dr. Summers on some questions of exegesis, doctrine, polity, and history. He was not unconscious of the superiority of his acquisitions over those of other men. His

harmless egotism in this particular offended nobody, only giving a zest to his enjoyment in imparting and that of his hearers in receiving the vast and varied information he possessed. He seemed to feel that it was a talent intrusted to him by the Master to be put at usury for which he must give account. It was a feature of the unselfishness which was the most conspicuous trait in his character. He loved books, but he did not hoard them. He thirsted for knowledge, but not for his own or its own sake, but for use. He was not a book-worm in the usual sense of the word; he was a burning lamp giving forth the light fed by the oil beaten in the mental toils of his study and the fervent prayers of his closet. He loaned his books to such as he believed would make good use of them, and all his wealth of learning was at the service of whosoever made a draft upon him.

He was indeed the servant of all. If a pulpit in a Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist church was vacant, he would fill it or have it filled; if anybody in his circle was sick, he was

soon at the bedside; if anybody died, he was at the funeral to weep with the mourners, to speak a word of comfort, or to offer a prayer; if anybody went wrong or got into trouble, he was ready to give counsel or help. He was loyal to friendship. A mutual friend in close relation to us both went wrong in a matter of much delicacy and hard to be managed. I took the matter to Dr. Summers in confidence. After the whole transaction was laid before him, with a pained expression of countenance he said:

“Our brother has done wrong in this matter, and it pains me to know it; but he is a good man, and is not to be judged by this one act. We must protect him and extricate him; he will not abuse our kindness in thus dealing with him.”

His advice was followed, with the happiest results, and I shared with him the pure delight and blessing of the peace-maker.

By the grace of God, he was an unselfish man. He lived for others, seeming to feel that he was debtor to all men.

CHAPTER XXII.

AGAIN IN TUSCALOOSA.

WHEN the civil war broke out in 1861, all classes of the Southern people were drawn into the terrible struggle—some willingly with hearty enthusiasm, and others of cooler temperament or doubting minds by the force of a current too strong to be resisted. Beardless boys, catching the spirit of the time, went into the ranks with gray-headed men whose aged blood took fire when the time had come to fight out the quarrel bequeathed to that generation by their noble but fallible ancestors. The clergy of all denominations shared the common excitement, and took part in the conflict. A bishop doffed his surplice and donned a major-general's uniform; reverend captains, colonels, and brigadiers led their companies, regiments, and brigades in battle, and preached to them and prayed for them in camp; and many young pastors took their places in the ranks as private soldiers, and none were

truer or braver. Many of these men would lead a charge, being first in storming the enemy's defenses, to scale the walls or capture a battery, and then they would be as ready to administer the consolations of religion to the dying, nurse the sick in the hospitals, and bury the dead with the solemn rites of the Church. Right or wrong in the course they pursued, history furnishes no loftier examples of unselfish devotion and unflinching heroism than were exhibited by these men who stood shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the South amid the fires of that trying period. The non-combatant element was small indeed, but there were some who could find no warrant in the New Testament for fighting with carnal weapons, and who looked upon the unnatural strife with horror, and longed and prayed for peace.

Dr. Summers was not troubled by scruples of this kind. But his near-sightedness disqualified him for service in the army; he could not have distinguished a blue-coat from a gray one at any distance, and he would have been any thing but helpful in field or camp.

When Nashville was taken by the Federal army he repaired to Tuscaloosa, city of his love. He found the pastor of the Methodist Church there anxious to go into the Southern army as a chaplain, while he was himself inclined to assume the pastorate. The arrangement was soon made. Giving the departing brother his benediction, he took charge of the congregation and served it to the close of the war.

It was not long before his strong personality was felt in all the circles of the city. All classes, from the Chancellor of the State University down to the humblest poverty-stricken, bed-ridden invalid in the suburbs, soon realized that a man of uncommon zeal and power had come into their midst. He was popular both in and out of the pulpit. His hearty catholicity won for him the cordial good-will of all religious denominations. The popular instinct rarely mistakes a man's true quality in this respect. The smirking proselyter is distrusted—the large-hearted fellow-Christian is honored and loved.

His preaching was sometimes overladen with patristic lore and exegetical exposition, but it was instructive, elevating, edifying. The average hearer might wish at times that he had left out some of his big words and elaborate exegetics, but every one left the Church feeling that he had been repaid for going by listening to discourses that were learned, sound in doctrine, and abounding in vigorous thought. Not unfrequently the divine afflatus would fall upon him while preaching, and there would be a grandeur in his conceptions and an energy of delivery that excited the admiration and thrilled the hearts of the people. Had he been a little less "bookish" these inspired flights would have been more frequent. When a preacher is telling what somebody else has said, he will not rise to as high a level as when thought and feeling pour forth in his own words, warm and gushing from his own brain and heart.

Dr. Summers gave special attention to the instruction and Christian nurture of the young. He was never absent from the Sunday-school. It was his regular habit to examine the Bible

classes together after their respective teachers had exhausted their instruction, making running comments on the lesson. It was the opinion of a distinguished layman that these running expositions were his best work. In this field he was a master—clear, practical, forcible. The expository style of preaching was natural to him, and on this ground he was always ready and strong. He loved to feed the lambs of the flock, though at times he may have put the food a little too high for them to reach. He loved children—and, after they got over their first scare at meeting him, they loved him. Transparent goodness always attracts a child, whether it be found in a learned doctor of divinity or in a black-skinned nurse with nothing to elicit regard save simple truthfulness and kindness of heart.

He was a diligent student during this period. With the use of the university library and that of Chancellor Garland—both burned by the Northern soldiers—he prosecuted his studies and labored continuously upon his *Commentaries on the Gospels*—a work which remains as

an enduring monument of his sound judgment, diligence, and evangelical orthodoxy.

He attended regularly the course of lectures delivered in the university upon chemistry, with which he seemed much delighted. This aptness both for linguistic studies and for physics is rare, and indicative of a two-storied brain. His extraordinary memory enabled him to seize and hold the *formulae* of the chemical lecture-room which have been the terror and torment of many.

These years in Tuscaloosa were a period of mental and spiritual growth to him. Though profoundly interested in the issue of the great conflict that was going on, he was not diverted by it from the work he had in hand. The storm of battle raged all around him, and once or twice it took in its course the quiet Alabama town where he was living. When the dead heroes that wore the gray were brought back to be buried at home he wept with the mourners at their graves. When the sky darkened more and more toward the end until the total eclipse of utter defeat fell upon the South, his

heart bled with the sorrow that wrung the hearts of the great body of the Southern people and broke the mighty heart of Lee, their great chieftain. But he faithfully pursued his appointed life-work, and when the curtain of the thrilling drama fell at Appomattox, he was ready with a brave heart to set about gathering up the broken fragments of a shattered political, social, and religious organism and look to the future for whatever of good it might please God to have in store for the South and for the nation.

When at the close of the war he left Tuscaloosa his departure was regretted by the entire population of the city. Among his special friends was a gentleman to whom allusion has already been made in this chapter—Dr. L. C. Garland, then Chancellor in the University of Alabama. They were as unlike in temperament as they were congenial in spirit and harmonious in their beliefs. The theologian and the scientist; the polemic and the mathematician; the exegete and the chemist; the interpreter of the Bible and the interpreter of nat-

ure; the omnivorous bibliopole and the logical, clear-headed, deep-thinking physicist—it was a strongly contrasted and yet a well-matched pair. Their friendship was strong and tender, and was unbroken until that sad morning when the venerable Chancellor gently and lovingly closed the eyes of his dead friend and turned away with a heavy heart. God be thanked for such Christian friendships! They brighten, bless, and ennable our lives here, and may we not hope that they will constitute no inconsiderable part of the felicity that shall be ours in the fuller life to come?

CHAPTER XXIII.

INNER GLIMPSES OF THE MAN.

AS our wish is to give a true picture of the man and his work rather than to preserve strict chronological unity in these chapters, at this point we give extracts from the diary of Dr. Summers, beginning with 1872 and ending Sunday, April 23, 1882—very near the end of all. It will be seen that in the first entry he alludes to the loss of his “journal” which he had kept for forty years with other valuable and curious manuscripts. If we had had that “journal” before us, the character of this work would have been modified—to what extent will never be known. The pathos of the opening and closing parts of it will not escape the reader. Well has it been said that “all lives are tragedies.” This buoyant, sunny-souled man, with his strong faith and marvelous flow of animal spirits, was no exception. The glimpses we here get of him show that he was one of us—a toiling, struggling, sorrowing man—and yet

presenting in a fragmentary way the picture of a man of God who bore his burden and fought his battle like a saint and a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Selections have been made from this diary with a view to exhibit his life as it was. It is likely that some readers will think we have given too much of it, while others may wish we had given more.

Nashville, February 15, 1872.—On going to the Publishing House this morning I found my office, library, papers, etc., in ashes. About midnight a fire broke out in the bindery, and burned it, my office, the composition and stereotype rooms. My journal which I had kept for forty years, manuscript works on Retribution, Hymnology, the Church, Notes on Scripture, sermons, commonplace-books, autograph letters of the Wesleys, Coke, Asbury, Watson, and other distinguished men, and my library worth thousands of dollars, were all consumed. The Lord would not have permitted so great a calamity to happen to me, if he had not intended to overrule it for good; so I submit without murmuring. I take out a new lease of life, and begin the world anew; yet I feel the stroke so keenly.

Sunday, February 25.—I preached this morning at North Edgefield, on Matthew vi. 9-13; and at night in Tulip Street, on Revelation xxii. 8, 9.

Sunday, March 3.—I preached this morning at Clainborne's Chapel, on 1 Chronicles iv. 9, 10; and at night in McKendree, on Genesis vi. 9.

Sunday, March 10.—I preached at half past nine at the Penitentiary, on Micah vi. 8 [this seems to have been his favorite text]; then went to the First Presbyterian Church and heard Dr. Vandyke, who has been called to the pastorate of that congregation. I offered the prayer before sermon, and united afterward in the Lord's Supper. The sermon was good, though it had a passage in it affirming the inamissibility of grace.

Wednesday, April 17.—I am better, but not well. I lectured to-night in Tulip Street, on Luke xvii. 7-10.

Sunday, April 21.—I preached at Lebanon this morning, on Genesis vi. 9; and at night, on Psalm cxxx. 4. Entertained pleasantly at Jordan Stokes's.

Wednesday, April 24.—Last week I visited and prayed with Mrs. Slayback, who thought she was about to enter paradise. She is better in health, but her son-in-law Hugh W. Frizzell died on Monday, and I assisted at his funeral to-day. I visited him just before his death, and found him prepared, though he had postponed his connection with the Church till the last. He was an estimable man—one who feared God—clerk of the criminal court. His funeral at McKendree Church was numerously attended.

Wednesday, May 8.—This day we laid the corner-stone of the new Publishing House. All the Bishops except Bishop Early—who was not present on account of age and

infirmities—took part in the imposing ceremony. Bishops Pierce and Wightman made good speeches. This is a busy week. The meeting of the Bishops, Board of Missions, etc., take up all my time. Every thing goes off pleasantly. Bishop Wightman, Dr. Garland, and Dr. Sargent were our guests. We have much company.

Sunday, May 12.—I preached this morning at Thompson's Chapel, on 1 Chronicles iv. 9, 10, and spent two nights pleasantly with Brothers Ewing and Smith.

Sunday, June 16.—Henry Hanesworth, a local preacher from Newbury Circuit, Berkshire, England, is staying with me. He preached two good sermons in Tulip Street Church to-day. I led a class in the afternoon, and visited two sick persons.

Sunday, June 23.—I came to Tuscaloosa, accompanied by my wife, Friday night. We are kindly entertained at Captain Kennedy's. I have visited the grave of my sainted Virginia Hannah. It is as when I left it. We came through a new town on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, near Elyton, called Birmingham, where we fell in with many of our friends who were there celebrating the anniversary of the town, it being only a year old! It rained this morning, but I preached the Commencement Sermon of the Tuscaloosa Female College at nine A.M., in the Methodist Church, on Psalm cxliv. 12. Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Stillman, Presbyterians, took part in the service. We then heard the Commencement Sermon for the State University, at the Presbyterian Church, by a Baptist preacher. There

was to have been one preached at five P.M., for the Baptist Female College, but the rain prevented.

Thursday, June 27.—I have been much taken up with Commencement exercises at the Female College and the University—up late at night. On Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Hamilton and I buried our old friend Mrs. Alfred Battle, who died on Sunday night. How remarkable that her two old and attached pastors should be present at her obsequies! I have known her since 1843. She was a good woman. We came on the train to Akron, within eighteen miles of Greensboro, where we met with a break—broke down in the water—did not get to Greensboro till ten P.M. We are kindly entertained at Judge Coleman's.

Sunday, August 4.—I preached this morning at Elm Street, on 1 Corinthians xi. 28, and administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. In the afternoon I buried a child in South Nashville.

Monday, August 5.—I buried a child from Edgefield in the City Cemetery.

Wednesday, September 4.—I buried Brother Barbee's infant this morning. Brother Brown assisted.

Friday, October 11.—I have suffered out my three-score years. I celebrated my sixtieth birthday to-day. Brothers McFerrin, Haygood, R. K. Brown, and Barbee dined with us. I thank the Lord for a personal existence, for redemption which secures it to me, and for the hope of living forever!

Sunday, November 24.—Mrs. Summers and I reached
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Tuscaloosa on Thursday. We are kindly entertained by our old friend Dr. Guild. By exposure I took cold with ophthalmic inflammation, and had to go to bed under medical treatment. On Friday I appeared in the church where the North Alabama Conference is holding its session. Bishop Doggett presides. I made an address at the Sunday-school this morning. Dr. Kelley preached a capital sermon at the Presbyterian Church, on the "Prayer Test" of Drs. Thompson and Tyndall. In the afternoon I preached at the Insane Hospital, on Hebrews xii. 5, 6. A number of preachers and other visitors were present. We enjoy our visit to Tuscaloosa very much.

Thursday, November 28.—We reached home yesterday travel-worn. This is Thanksgiving-day. I buried W. T. Harrison, one of our printers—a good man. Dr. McFerrin assisted in the service at the church, Tulip Street. Nearly all the printers in town were present.

Sunday, December 15.—My son was ordained elder today. I assisted in laying on hands, and read the Gospel; Dr. Mitchell the Epistle. He, Rev. Cotton and others laid on hands. I preached the sermon, on John xiv. 15-17. I felt very solemn. May God bless the lad!

Wednesday, January 1, 1873.—I have been confined to my room, and largely to my bed, all the holidays. By my exposure I contracted catarrhal fever, bronchitis, and incipient pneumonia. Dr. Jamison doctored me heroically with calomel, Dover's powders, quinine, cough sirup, etc., and, thank God, I am better. I consecrate this new year most

devoutly to God. The Lord bless me and mine with special favor this year! The Lord make us happy and useful!

Sunday, January 12.—This morning I went to the Edgefield Presbyterian Church, heard a good sermon by the pastor, Mr. McNeilly, and communed with the Church.

Wednesday, January 15.—I went to the Legislature to open the Senate with prayer, but Dr. India Kalisch, a Jewish rabbi, was there for that purpose, and I listened to him. He had prepared his prayer, which was thoroughly Jewish, but *liberal*. At twelve, Dr. Hoyt (Presbyterian) and I offered prayers at the inauguration of Governor Brown. We did so when he was inaugurated before. He made a very good inauguration speech. The affair went off well.

Sunday, January 26.—Snow and my ailments kept me at home to-day. I have been reading to profit, I hope, Herbert's "Priest to the Temple" and other portions of his works. I am cultivating a devotional spirit. This I desire for myself and family above all things. Lord, send us the Comforter in all his quickening, consoling, and sanctifying power!

Sunday, March 16.—I was to have preached last Sunday at Claiborne's, and to-day at Lebanon; but sickness confines me to my room. I have had a sharp attack of bilious fever and tonsilitis. I am better, but not well. The Lord's will be done, in suffering as well as in action.

Sunday, May 4.—P. A. Peterson, presiding elder of Norfolk District, preached a good sermon this morning at Tulip

Street. I administered the communion. It was a profitable service.

Sunday, May 11.—Bishop Doggett preached a good sermon at Tulip Street, on John i. 29; Bishop Marvin, on the Dishonest Steward, at night in McKendree. The Bishops, Board of Missions, Book Committee, and Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University have been in session the past week. My house and office have been crowded. Much business has been done, I hope well. Our Mission Board has taken a new departure—resolved to raise two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the foreign and domestic work the ensuing year. I fear it will not be done.

Sunday, June 8.—I preached this morning at Brentwood, on Revelation xxii. 3: “And his servants shall serve him.” I dined and rested at Brother Poynter’s, a charming place.

Sunday, June 15.—I preached this morning at Trinity, two miles from Nashville, on 1 Thessalonians v. 6: “Let us not sleep as do others.” A good many people in Nashville have been dying with cholera for the past fortnight. Mr. Royce, a Protestant Episcopal minister, died last week with it. We are prudent in diet, drink cistern water, abstain from vegetables, and hope, by God’s blessing, to be unharmed. We are not afraid.

Sunday, June 29.—Many are dying with cholera. Dr. Kelley is worn down, and has gone to the springs. I preached for him at McKendree to-night, on Isaiah lxvi. 13: “As one (*is*h, a man) whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.” Last Sunday I was on the fatherhood,

this Sunday on what may be called the *motherhood* of God. The people were deeply interested in the subject. Bishop McTyeire closed the service appropriately. I presume a number of Presbyterians were present, as they had no service in the First Church, and we had a good congregation.

Sunday, July 13.—As the Rev. Mr. Hoyt, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, is sick, and the communion was to be administered, I preached in that church this morning, on Micah vi. 8, after baptizing a lady, and then administered the communion. I of course followed the Presbyterian mode of administering the two sacraments; introducing, however, the essential parts of our forms, *memoriter*. I also announced the reception of five persons into the Church—curiously enough, three of them (ladies of the name of Payne from the country) were by certificate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South! The service was pleasant and profitable—all seemed delighted. This agrees with my catholic feelings. At night I preached at North Edgefield, on Psalm cxix. 176. I was tired when I walked home in the dark and mud.

Sunday, August 3.—I preached this morning at Thompson's Chapel, four miles from Nashville, after holding a class-meeting, on John i. 29—a long, and I hope not an unfruitful sermon. Dined at Captain Smith's, and preached at Woodbine, two or three miles nearer Nashville, on Revelation xxii. 9.

Sunday, August 17.—I preached this morning at Nolensville, sixteen miles from Nashville, on Micah vi. 8—a long

and earnest sermon, though I was sick and had delivered an address of about an hour at the Sunday-school, and baptized the infant of the pastor, Sterling McAllister Cherry, giving him his father's name. His little brother is named William Capers. He is a grandson of the Bishop's half brother. This service afforded me peculiar pleasure.

Sunday, September 28.—The past week was one of great turmoil and upheaval in the commercial world. Jay Cooke, Henry Clews, and others failed, and many brokers and bankers and merchants followed them. What a cyclone! There is a general suspension of banks. This morning I preached at Smyrna, twelve miles from Nashville, on Psalm cxxx. 4, and administered the communion. We had a good time. It is Brother Winn's work.

Tuesday, September 30.—In company with Dr. Redford I left this afternoon for the Louisville Conference at Russellville. Having to lie over a few hours at Bowling Green, Dr. Wilson, pastor, and President of Warren College, extorted from me a sermon. I preached on Micah vi. 8.

Saturday, October 4—I reached home yesterday, much fatigued. This morning I was stricken down by a dispatch from Greensboro, stating that Osmond died this morning at a quarter past six o'clock! Three letters came at the same time stating that he had diphtheria, and was thought to be doing well. What a blow! what a blow! The sweetest, most sprightly little fellow I ever saw! What a blessed angel he makes! How I long to be with him and my own children (but he is mine too) in paradise! I telegraphed

to his father to bury him in Tuscaloosa when he came. Gracious Father, sanctify to us all this terrible stroke! Sustain us under it!

Sunday, October 5.—Having engaged to baptize Brother Brown's infant in Tulip Street, this morning, I did so, naming him Robert King, the name of his father. Dr. Walker then preached. I preached at night in the First Baptist Church, Nashville, on Philippians iii. 20, 21.

Saturday, October 11.—I am sixty-one to-day. I am alone. Mrs. Summers is still at Franklin. I have sad yet pleasant thoughts. I do not wish to retard the wheels of time—rather let them roll faster. Yet I thank God for giving me another year. May my soul be mellowed for the skies, as age comes on!

Thursday, November 27.—Thanksgiving - day. I preached to a good congregation at McKendree, on Philippians iv. 6, 7. I had liberty, and I trust good was done.

Saturday, December 6.—I was rather surprised to-day when I was elected (the only one on the first ballot) a delegate to the General Conference. Messrs. McCarty, M. V Andrews, J. Hamilton, and W. Shepard are my colleagues.

Wednesday, December 31.—The last day of the year was made more solemn than usual by the burial of a venerable matriarch, Mrs. M. J. Manier, mother-in-law of Brother W. H. Evans. She had been familiar with Asbury and his associates in the olden time in Virginia. I assisted Drs. Kelley and Hargrove in the service.

Thursday, January 1, 1874.—I conducted the covenant

service at the watch-meeting in McKendree. Brother Ditzler, who was on a visit at our house, preached. Drs. Hargrove and Green united in the service. I dedicate myself and all mine afresh to God. May he guide me and mine this year by his unerring couns!!

Sunday, February 15.—I preached twice to-day for the Baptist Church in Edgefield, in the morning on 1 Peter iv. 16, and at night on Revelation xxii. 8, 9. They seem to be a loving people, and to enjoy the word.

Sunday, May 3.—Our General Conference opened in Louisville, May 1. I am as usual Secretary. My son is reporter. I have also to edit the *Daily Christian Advocate*, so that my hands are full. All the Bishops are present. This morning I preached at the First Presbyterian Church (Dr. Wilson's), on Micah vi. 8. They commended the sermon highly as a good Presbyterian discourse!

Sunday, May 10.—Drs. Hunt and Fowler, and General Fisk, delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), to bear us fraternal greetings; have been received. Every thing went off in the best style. I heard Dr. Fowler preach to-day an excellent sermon in Walnut Street Church, on being led by the Spirit. General Fisk addressed a mass Sunday-school meeting in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 17.—I am very much fatigued—over-worked. I have to be up late at night seeing to the paper. Though worn down, I preached this morning at Broadway Methodist Church, on John xvi. 7-16—the work of the Paraclete. Next Sunday being Pentecost, I thought the

subject suitable, especially in view of the session of the Conference. I dined in the suburbs, with my wife and son, Brother McCoy, Miss Gibson, and others, at Mr. Lithgow's —a pleasant retreat. It did me good.

Saturday, May 23.—F. E. Pitts died last night. We performed his obsequies this afternoon, at Walnut Street Church. He died in peace. He had done much good in his life.

Sunday, May 24.—Whitsuntide. "Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come!" We need his sacred unction. This morning I heard A. W. Wilson, son of my first presiding elder, preach an excellent, edifying discourse in Walnut Street Church. I was rejoiced, and gave him my blessing.

Tuesday, May 26.—Conference adjourned to-day. I have been reelected to all my offices. I hope to have wisdom and strength to fulfill their duties.

Sunday, June 21.—Yesterday morning I was summoned to the Maxwell House—Thomas Maddin, D.D., had just died! We made arrangements for the funeral to-day. In the morning I preached at Arlington, near Brother Weaver's, which was draped in mourning for Dr. Maddin. I discoursed on Job xv. 4. In the afternoon I repaired to Dr. John Maddin's, and, with other ministers, accompanied the remains to McKendree Church, where I united with others in the solemn service. Bishop McTyeire delivered a discourse on the life of Dr. Maddin. It was good. In addition to the usual service we sang a hymn at the grave. It was solemn and affecting.

Thursday, July 16.—I assisted at the funeral of Dr. Green, who died in peace at two P.M. yesterday. Bishop McTyeire and Dr. Kelley delivered suitable discourses in McKendree Church, the building in which Dr. Green was the first pastor. He was my great friend. I shall miss him greatly. But I follow after. He was laid beside his son-in-law, Captain Hunter, in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. He died in perfect peace.

Sunday, July 19.—I preached this morning at McKendree, on Revelation xxii. 3: "And his servants shall serve him." I had the death of Dr. Green in mind, and other friends who have recently passed away. May I and mine join with them at last "in work and worship so divine!"

Monday, August 10.—Mr. Plaxton, one of our old printers, was buried to-day. I visited him last week. He seemed prepared to die. We feel his loss. As he was a Protestant Episcopalian, the minister did not call on us to assist in the service. So much for succession!

Sunday, October 11.—This day I am sixty-two years old. I feel but few effects of age. I can think, write, and preach with greater readiness than ever before. But I get tired of earth, and have a desire to depart and be with Christ. May my remnant of days be spent to his praise! I trust him to smooth my way down the declivity of life. My son presented me some beautiful birthday verses, which pleased me much. He writes good poetry. I preached this morning for Dr. Baird, in the new Cumberland Presbyterian Church—a spacious amphitheater, with fine acoustic prop-

erties. I discoursed rather long, I fear, on Luke xv. 10. At night I preached for Dr. Jones in the First Baptist Church, on Psalm xevii. 11, 12. Thus I spent my sixty-second birthday.

Sunday, November 1.—I preached this morning at Thompson's Chapel, on the Nolensville road, on Psalm xxvi. 8. I enjoyed the visit to the country this glorious season; but “the fading glory” is fast disappearing, and “pale concluding winter comes at last, and shuts the scene!” What a lesson it teaches!

Tuesday, December 15.—I prayed the last time this morning with Dr. Hamilton. I presided awhile at night, while the Bishop was arranging the appointments; still we did not adjourn to-night.

Wednesday, December 16.—At four this morning James O. Andrew (son of the late Bishop) brought me word that Dr. Hamilton was still alive. I was sorry to leave my old friend *in articulo mortis*.

Sunday, December 20.—I preached this morning at North Edgefield, on 1 John iii. 8, second clause, in view of Christmas. Dr. Hamilton died about one P.M. on Monday. His body was taken to Mobile to be interred. What a loss to the Church! He died a few minutes after the appointments were read out, his being Mobile City Mission. But the Bishop of bishops transferred him to heaven. His wife reached him the day before his death. Farewell, farewell!

Friday, December 25.—Our churches are not open for

worship! What would John Wesley say to this? I attended in the morning the laying of the corner-stone by the Freemasons of the Carroll Street Church, Brother Sawrie then presiding. After dining with Dr. Kelley I went with him and Brother Sawrie to the Penitentiary, where some prisoners were to be released, but the Governor was precluded attendance. Speeches were made; I made a short address; some by prisoners; hymns sung, etc.; and so I spent my Christmas. I told the prisoners that I could not despise humanity, however fallen, since the eternal God's eternal Son had allied it to his divinity!

Friday, January 1, 1875.—Brother McCoy and Miss Maria Gibson (his wife's niece) are with us. They are just from Mobile, whither they went to condole with Mrs. Hamilton, and to extend to her such assistance as she might need. That was generous. They accompanied me last night to McKendree Church, where I preached at the watch-meeting, on 2 Timothy iv. 6-8. We renewed our covenant. I trust the service was profitable. I feel pensive this New-year's-day. So many of my personal friends have died during the past year. Yesterday we heard of the death of Dr. Field, who lived some years with us. He died in peace. He was greatly attached to Osmond. They have met in paradise! While at the watch-meeting burglars broke into our store-room and carried off most of our provisions. We have several times been treated so. We know of no safeguard. We are sorry for the wretched thieves. I want to get to heaven, where no such things occur.

Tuesday, February 16.—I attended the funeral of Brother Allen, who wandered from his house into the canebrake and perished, being deranged. He was a good man. Drs. Young, Hargrove, and Hill officiated. It was in the Mc-Kendree Church. What a mystery is a case like this!

Sunday, April 27.—This afternoon I delivered an address at the funeral of Mrs. Dora McFerrin, wife of James W. McFerrin (son of the Doctor) and daughter of Colonel Watson M. Cooke, a great friend. She died in Jesus.

Sunday, May 16.—I heard J. W. Hanner in the morning, and Mr. Whittle at the Exposition in the afternoon. I also heard him Thursday night. His sermons and the songs they sing are pretty well charged with solifidianism, yet by their earnestness and zeal I trust good is done. [The use of that long word here has much significance.]

Sunday, June 6.—I have come to Millersburg, Ky., to preach the Commencement sermon of the Wesleyan University, which I did this morning in the Methodist Church, on Psalm viii. 3, 4. At night I preached again, on Micah vi. 8. Dr. Charles Taylor, formerly a missionary to China, closed both services. Dr. Stitt took me from Paris to Millersburg in a buggy, and showed me a fine picture of the great blue-grass region. President Darley took us through the university and showed us his laboratory, museum, etc. He is an accomplished scientist. There are but few students here—there ought to be hundreds. I stay with Mrs. Nunn, mother of the Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, D.D., and whose second husband was of the same family with Dr.

Durbin. She showed me a wardrobe that he made when a cabinet-maker. He served his apprenticeship at Paris, capital of Bourbon county.

Sunday, August 8.—The country is profoundly affected by the death of Mr. Johnson. He died, but made no sign! The Masons buried him. I preached this morning at the Factory, Claiborne's, on Matthew v. 47: "What do ye more than others?" The discourse was adapted to the week of prayer which begins to-day. I preached at night in Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, on Philippians i. 27–30.

Sunday, September 19.—I preached this morning at Elm Street, on 2 Corinthians iii. 1–3. I dined with Dr. Ross, whose daughter Lucy went to heaven recently. I called at the "Old Academy," and saw Drs. Garland and Granbery, who arrived yesterday.

Sunday, October 3.—To-day we dedicated the Vanderbilt University. Bishop Doggett preached in the morning, and Bishop Wightman in the afternoon, in the Chapel, which was crowded.

Monday, October 4.—The inauguration service took place to-day. Governor Patton, Dr. Deems, Dr. Lipscomb, Bishop McTycire, and Chancellor Garland delivered addresses. The keys were formally delivered by the Bishop to the Chancellor, and every thing went off well. There was a grand reception at the Chancellor's to-night. Bishop Wightman, wife, and child are our guests.

Monday, October 11.—I have this day attained my climacteric—old age or death will soon be on me. I trust I

shall be prepared for either. How have I looked forward to this day! Thank God for preserving mercy. My son wrote me a beautiful, tender birthday poem. I have been very much engaged, attending Faculty meetings and other things. I have the influenza too. I pray for bodily and spiritual strength for my onerous engagements.

Sunday, October 17.—I delivered my introductory lecture to a large audience in the Chapel this afternoon. The Bishop, Chancellor, and others spoke kindly of it, and want it printed.

Monday, November 22.—I buried this afternoon Dr. Hargrove's sweet little Clifton, whom I baptized a little over three years ago. Other ministers assisted in the service at McKendree. Clifton died of diphtheria. His brother Battle and sister Alice are very ill with typhoid fever.

Sunday, November 28.—After visiting our sick and bereaved friends Dr. Hargrove (whose children are very low), Mrs. Frizzell, etc., and Brother Goodloe (a student, son of Dr. Goodloe, who is with him at the Old Academy), I went to West End, and administered the Lord's Supper. Brother Green, the pastor, preached. Dr. Granbery preached at the Chapel. After service I baptized Nannie Mun, a sweet little infant of Judge Lewis, son-in-law of Dr. Garland, at whose house it took place. The Judge is on his way to Washington, being a member of Congress from Alabama.

Sunday, December 12.—I reached Greenville, the seat of the Alabama Conference, December 9. The Conference

opened the day before. Bishop Marvin presides. I am lodged at Brother Gandy's. I have had ripe strawberries and Irish potatoes just from the garden. I addressed the missionary meeting last night, the Sunday-school this morning, and preached on Acts viii. 37 at the ordination of elders in the afternoon. I laid hands on them, a son of James O. Andrew, late Bishop, bearing his father's name, and a son of my friend Dr. Peterson (John A.) were among them. Bishop Andrew ordained me. This was pleasant.

Saturday, January 1, 1876.—I preached at the watch-meeting at West End, on Ecclesiastes xii. 13, 14. Bishop McTyeire conducted the covenant service. Thank the Lord we see a new year—may his mercy carry us safely through it! I repent of all past sins; I take refuge in the atonement; I consecrate all I am and all I have to the Holy Trinity. I visited Fisk University to-day. General Fisk and others delivered addresses at its dedication. It is for the education of colored youths of both sexes. I wish it prosperity. I made New-year's calls with Dr Kelley. Mrs. Polk—the venerable widow of President Polk—seemed glad to see us. Some friends dined with us, and so closed an unusually festive vacation. May we all be girded and sandaled for the journey before us!

Sunday, January 16.—My Sally would have been thirty-one years of age to-day if she had remained on the earth. How old is she in heaven?

Sunday, April 2.—I am quite unwell. I heard Professor Winchell deliver a discourse in the Vanderbilt this

afternoon, on the Interactions of the Intellectual and the Religious Faculties. I do not make such a distinction. Religion embraces intellect as well as the will and the feelings. Dr. Winchell has the chair of Geology in the university for half the session. He thinks the nebular theory and evolution are not incompatible with the Bible. I cannot reconcile them.

Sunday, April 23.—Dr. Lipscomb preached this afternoon at the Vanderbilt Chapel, on the *expediency* of Christ's leaving the earth. He branched out eloquently into some mystical improvements of the subject.

Thursday, July 13.—I assisted in Tulip Street at the funeral of Hugh Morrow, son of William H. Morrow, who was drowned in the Cumberland on Tuesday, near the reservoir in which my Clara was drowned; and he was of the same age—eleven.

Sunday, September 10.—We have had a visit from Professor Huxley. We showed him, his wife, sister (Mrs. Scott), and niece (Mrs. Roberts) through the Vanderbilt. He seemed much pleased. He lectured to an immense audience at Masonic Hall, September 7. He developed his scheme of Uniformitarianism, and pronounced it irreconcilable with the popular view of the age of the world. We demurred to his ignoring catastrophes and cataclysms. He was not heard by many in the house, and all were disappointed. My son, who knew him as a scientist in Europe, introduced him. I told him, "You did not hurt us much." He replied, "I did not want to hurt you at all." This

morning, after addressing the Sunday-school, I preached in the new, unfinished church in Gallatin, on Micah vi. 8; and at night, on Hebrews iv. 9. One of our Vanderbilt boys is supplying the pulpit made vacant by the removal of Brother Plummer. I staid with Brother Holder—the Waltons are absent.

Tuesday, October 3.—I assisted at the reinterment of the remains of Bishops McKendree and Soule. Bishop McKendree's remains were scarcely distinguishable, except by a few bones. Bishop Soule's were fast approaching the same state. O how repulsive! “Great God, is this our certain doom?” We marched from the university to the beautiful spot selected for the graves and monument. Many ministers of the Tennessee Conference were present. They bore the sacred remains to what we suppose will be their last resting-place. We sung, “And let this feeble body fail,” etc. The Rev. F. A. Owen offered prayer, Bishop McTyeire made an address, Dr. McFerrin added a few words, then was sung, “How firm a foundation,” etc. The students then filled in the earth, and the large assembly dispersed.

Wednesday, October 11.—I have passed quite through my grand climacteric. I am sixty-four to-day. They begin to call me old, though I do not feel so. May this be a good year to me! May I

Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow!

God bless my wife and son and his family, and keep them

to eternal life! I want them all to be zealous in the cause of Christ. When I leave for heaven, I want to know that they are full speed on the way.

Sunday, December 17.—I heard W. M. Green this morning at West End, and Dr. Dodd in the afternoon at the Vanderbilt—a good sermon on “Be careful for nothing.” It was a word in season to me, as our business is in great straits.

Monday, December 25.—A cold, sad Christmas—I cannot get out. I fell down on the iced porch last evening, and hurt myself. On Friday and Saturday the Bishops and Book Committee met, to concoct measures for the relief of the Publishing House. I met with them one day (Friday). All the Bishops were present part of the time except Bishop Paine (sick) and Bishop Marvin (abroad). The case is desperate. May God help us through! We thank God for the gift of his Son. As he assumed our nature, may we be partakers of a divine nature!

Sunday, January 7, 1877.—Commodore Vanderbilt died January 4. We adopted resolutions at a Faculty meeting on the occasion. We draped the Chapel in mourning, and suspended all exercises at the university till after Sunday, when he is to be buried.

Sunday, March 11.—I preached at West End this morning, on John xxi. 17: “Lovest thou me?” I hope good was done. I am sure I do love the Saviour—I “love his appearing.” “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!”

Sunday, April 1.—Easter-day. Judge East delivered a

discourse on "Jesus and the resurrection," in the Vanderbilt Chapel this afternoon. It was well done from a lawyer's stand-point.

Friday, August 24.—I spent the greater part of Wednesday with Colonel Cooke, expecting him to die. He lingered till yesterday morning eleven o'clock, when he departed in peace, whispering in death, "All is well!" We buried him to-day. He charged me to prepare his obsequies. A great assembly attended in Tulip Street Church. The pastor, J. P. McFerrin, assisted. We took him to Mt. Olivet. He was an honest, princely merchant, and a humble Christian —one of my most devoted friends.

Sunday, September 16.—Yesterday I delivered a searching discourse at the funeral of a harlot. Many of her companions were there, elegantly dressed and well behaved. They wept and sobbed as I appealed to them, and all knelt in prayer. The scene was one of thrilling interest. Brother Brinsfield—one of our preachers—happened to come along at the time, and took part in the service. But who can do any good to these poor outcasts? In the afternoon, Brother Allison took me to Brentwood, where I preached this morning, on Genesis vi. 9. I got home in time for the Chapel service, which I conducted, Chancellor Garland delivering an admirable discourse on Lamentations iii. 27.

Thursday, October 11.—I am to-day sixty-five years of age. I do not fear getting old—but I suppose I am. I would not be younger if I could. I am like Cicero's Cato in that, and with more reason than he, as I have, while he

had not, a solid foundation for my hope of eternal life beyond the grave. Conference [Tennessee] adjourned to-day.

Saturday, October 27.—I came to Cleveland yesterday to attend the Holston Conference. I addressed the Conference this morning; preached before it in the afternoon, on John xxi. 19, "Follow me," and addressed a large audience on missions at night. Dr. McFerrin followed me.

Sunday, December 2.—I preached this morning at Moore Memorial Church, on Philippians iii. 13, 14. In the afternoon I took part in a memorial-service at McKendree, for Bishop Marvin, who died at St. Louis, November 26. His death has spread a pall over the Connection. Bishop McTyeire delivered an excellent discourse. Several other ministers took part in the solemn service.

Monday, December 17 [at Montgomery, Alabama].—The election of delegates to the General Conference came off to-day. I was elected by a large vote, first on the first ballot. The brethren have not forgotten me. I hope to justify their confidence.

Tuesday, December 25.—We hail the Saviour's birth! I discoursed on it this morning in the Penitentiary. Several brethren assisted. The convicts sung some Christmas songs. We wished to cheer their gloomy prison by telling them of Him who came the prisoners to release.

Tuesday, January 1, 1878.—I attended watch-meeting last night at West End. W H. Cherry preached, and I conducted the service. It was a profitable occasion. So we begin another year. Shall we witness its close? God

protect me and mine, and bring us safely and happily through the year!

Sunday, April 21.—Easter-day—I went by request to the Penitentiary, and preached on Luke xxiv. 34: “The Lord is risen indeed.” The prisoners seemed much interested. Just as I closed, Brother Joseph Hamilton came to me to go to McKendree, as Dr. Kelley was taken sick with diphtheria; so I hastened thither, baptized six children, and preached on 2 Timothy ii. 8, another Easter sermon. In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Bryson, of the Presbyterian Church, gave us an interesting discourse on what he had witnessed in the Holy Land in his late tour, dwelling especially on the sacred places in Jerusalem, suited to the Easter service. All seemed pleased and profited. The choir sung a piece which I wrote for the music to which a hymn to the Virgin is set—*O gloriosa dominas*. We adapted it to the worship of our risen Lord.

Wednesday, May 1.—We reached Atlanta yesterday, and opened the General Conference at ten o'clock this morning. We met in the basement of the First Church—not a good place. I am chosen Secretary. I have also to edit the *Daily Christian Advocate*. Drs. Haygood, Babcock, and Johnson (W. C.) are assistants. Brother Chew, one of our Vanderbilt boys, is with me. Brother Lafferty, editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, is reporter. There is a good attendance.

Friday, May 24.—Conference closed its session at sunset. It has not been a pleasant session. Many, especially of the

lay delegates, seemed to forget that they were in "a court of Jesus Christ." Many things of an unpleasant character took place, particularly in regard to the Book Agent and the Publishing House. I begged my name to be withheld as editor of the *Advocate*. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald was chosen in my place, though I am still Book Editor. Dr. McFerrin is Agent. Dr. Alpheus W. Wilson is Secretary of Board of Missions. A. G. Haygood is to edit a new paper at Macon, Georgia. W. M. Kennedy removes with the *South Carolina Advocate* to South Carolina. A. H. Redford starts the *Southern Methodist* at Louisville, Kentucky. Small chance for the Nashville *Christian Advocate*. No Bishop has been elected. We had fraternal messages from the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church, the Canada Methodist Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The addresses were all good. The address of Dr. Douglas, of Canada, was transcendent; yet he has a body partly dead, having been poisoned by malaria when he was a missionary in the West Indies. The fraternal letter from the British Conference was read, and responded to by our Conference. We adopted measures for the Ecumenical Conference, and, at my suggestion, for the Centenary of American Methodism in Baltimore in 1884.

Sunday, July 14.—I preached this morning at McKendree, on Leviticus xix. 18. Dr. Fitzgerald was present. He has arrived to take charge of the *Advocate*; so my editing of that ceases! I have worked hard on it for twelve years.

Sunday, September 15.—I have had a fearful trial this week. O Lord, I am oppressed—undertake for me! Lord, help me! This morning I preached at Carroll Street Church, on Psalm cxxx. 4. Dr. Fitzgerald, editor of the *Advocate*, preached at the Vanderbilt in the afternoon. My son writes that the fever at Memphis is awful—over a hundred die daily. He is successful in his treatment of patients. He is making a pathological study, dissecting, etc. He says he was never in better health, though breathing the vapors of death! He says he believes it is in answer to prayer. Lord, restore unto him the joy of thy salvation, and uphold him with thy free Spirit!

Friday, October 11.—I am this day sixty-six years old. I cannot feel that I am getting into years; but I would not be younger. I thank God for prolonging my life, but I want to get to my heavenly home! This is a sad, bad world.

Wednesday, January 1, 1879.—I was precluded attendance at the watch-meeting in McKendree by fatigue and bad weather. I reconsecrate all I have, and am, and can do, to God. Lord, let not this year be so afflictive as the last, in which I suffered in mind more than ever before since my conversion. God grant that my wife, son, and his family may be blessed in body and soul this year! If I knew it were to be my last on earth, it would give me joy. I feel disposed to say, *Nunc dimitto*. But I wait the Lord's leisure. We had a pleasant dining at Wesley Hall.

Sunday, March 16.—I have been attending a noon meet-

ing at McKendree this week, and taking part in it. Once or twice Mr. Barnes, an evangelist from Kentucky, was present. He is eccentric—his head is not very level, and his addresses savor of Antinomianism. This morning I preached at North Nashville Presbyterian Church (Mr. Bartlett, pastor), on 1 Corinthians xi. 28, and united in the Lord's Supper. We had a pleasant and profitable time. Dr. Lipscomb preached an eloquent sermon at Vanderbilt.

Sunday, May 4.—I assisted at the dedication of North Edgefield Church, which has been renovated. Dr. McFerrin, Bishop McTyeire, Dr. Fitzgerald, and myself—four editors of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* since 1840—took part in the service. We dined at Dr. McFerrin's. Dr. Dodd preached in the afternoon at Vanderbilt.

Sunday, September 7.—I preached this morning at Hobson's Chapel, on Acts xxvi. 28; and at night in the First Presbyterian Church, on Acts ii. 47. In the afternoon Dr. Granbery preached an excellent sermon in the Vanderbilt Chapel, suited to the opening of the session. We are in full operation. On September 4, we broke ground, with due formalities, for new Wesley Hall. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt gives one hundred thousand dollars to build it and a gymnasium, and an edifice for the civil engineering department.

Saturday, October 11.—I am sixty-seven to-day. God be praised for preserving mercy! I am attending the session of the Tennessee Conference at Murfreesboro, and am entertained by Mr. Jordan, a good Baptist brother. Mrs.

Jordan served us up a fine plum pudding in honor of my birthday. God bless them!

Thursday, January 1, 1880.—My illness precluded my attendance at watch-meeting. But I survey the past with shame and sorrow and gratitude, and look forward to the future with trust and hope. I have much sorrow.

Sunday, January 4.—I administered the communion at West End, after a short sermon from J. W. Hill. I exhorted a little, and we sung the Covenant Hymn. Dr. A. W. Wilson preached a capital sermon at Vanderbilt Chapel in the afternoon, on Jacob's wrestling.

Sunday, January 18.—Sally would have been thirty-five on Friday had she lived. How old is she now?

Tuesday, February 10.—We suspended university exercises to attend the funeral of Mr. Dempsey Weaver, late Treasurer of Vanderbilt University. He died at Nassau, February 3, whither he had gone for health. He was an important member of our Book Committee, and a liberal supporter of the Church. He kept four beneficiaries at Wesley Hall, preparing for the ministry. I took part in the obsequies at the house. His death is deeply lamented.

Sunday, February 15.—A tornado swept over Nashville last Thursday night, doing great damage. We suffered a little. Yesterday I sent my youngest grandson his first birthday poetry. God bless the child! How my heart yearns over my son and his children! This morning I preached unexpectedly at West End, on Philippians iv. 4. Dr. Fitzgerald, who was to have preached, was called away

to a funeral. J. W. Hill preached in the afternoon at the Vanderbilt.

Sunday, February 29.—Friday night I slept not at all—my eyes were held waking with trouble. This morning I staid at home. In the afternoon I preached at Vanderbilt Chapel, on Matthew v. 47: “What do ye more than others?” Brother Sawrie was to have preached.

Sunday, March 28.—I preached an Easter sermon at Vanderbilt Chapel in the afternoon, on Luke xxiv. 34: “The Lord is risen indeed.” Fifty years ago I landed in New York, and heard Easter sermons in Protestant Episcopal churches. I remember one of the hymns sung: “Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings.”

Sunday, June 27.—I preached at Arlington this morning, on Philippians i. 21: “To die is gain”—having in view the recent death of Brother Dempsey Weaver of that church. In the afternoon I preached at the Hospital for the Insane, on Isaiah lxvi. 13. Before preaching, walking by the lake, my hat fell off; trying to catch it, I fell into the lake over my head; I swam and clambered out, went to the house, borrowed a suit of clothes to substitute my drenched apparel; preached and returned home, thankful it was not worse.

Sunday, August 29.—I preached for the German Methodists, North Nashville, this morning, on Ephesians v. 8. They sung in German, I in English. We had a pleasant time. They generally understood me.

Monday, October 11.—Thank God for another birthday!
—*Et. 68. I shall hail the last.*

Sunday, December 5.—This morning I assisted in Sunday-school and preached at Foster Street, on Matthew v. 13. Dr. McFerrin closed with prayer. He is deeply afflicted for the loss of his son. In the afternoon Mr. Hill preached at Vanderbilt. I exhorted. Several students have recently professed conversion at West End Church. At night Chancellor Garland delivered a fine address to the medical students, at Elm Street. The house was crowded. I conducted the service. Dr. Fitzgerald closed.

Wednesday, December 8.—I reached Pensacola last night. I am quartered at Captain Chipley's. He is a grandson of the Rev. S. Chipley, a local preacher of Kentucky in other years, whom I knew. His wife is a Baptist. A Baptist lady of Nashville—Miss Winston—is staying at the Captain's. They made my visit pleasant. The Alabama Conference opened this morning. Bishop McTyeire presides. In the afternoon Captain Chipley, who is superintendent of the steam-ship line to Havana, took the members of the Conference and friends in the fine new steamship Admiral, down Pensacola Bay, and out to the Gulf. We stopped at the Navy-yard and inspected it.

Saturday, January 1, 1881.—I renew my vows at the beginning of another year. O what trials have I passed through! God help my poor family! We had our New-year's festival at Wesley Hall. The students and others engaged in it. I acted as "Chorus," as before. I wished to please "the boys," and others. Mrs. Vanderbilt pays for the feast.

Wednesday, January 26.—On Monday Bishop McTyeire, Professor Jones, of University of Mississippi, and myself, left Nashville, *via* Cincinnati and Columbus, for New York. The scenery was desolate—snow all the route on the ground. We reached New York at eight A.M. Professor Jones and I went to the New York Hotel, but there was no room for us in the inn. The brethren at the Book Concern took us to the St. Deny's, near by. The meeting of the Western Section of the Executive Committee of the Ecumenical Conference was opened by Bishop Simpson, who called on Bishop McTyeire to pray. Twelve Connections were represented. A committee (of which I was chairman) was appointed to which certain papers were referred.

Thursday, January 27.—The Section finished its business to-day, and its action is referred to the Eastern Section. A paper containing suggestions of topics for discussion by the Ecumenical Conference was read, and on motion of Bishop Simpson ordered to be printed and forwarded to the Business Committee in London. I wrote it when I did not expect to attend the meeting of the Section. The meeting was harmonious.

Sunday, March 20.—I preached at Vanderbilt this afternoon, on Genesis vi. 9. We prayed for Mrs. A. L. P. Green before sermon, when she was dying. After service, the Chancellor, Dr. Safford, and myself went to Mr. Fite's, and found that she died during the sermon!

Sunday, April 17.—On Good Friday I took "the boys" down to West End after class, and I delivered a discourse

on the passion. This morning I preached there, on Revelation i. 17, 18. Brother R. K. Brown gave us an edifying Easter sermon at Vanderbilt. The choir sung an Easter hymn which I composed for them, and did it well.

Sunday, May 29.—Our Commencement exercises closed on Friday, Founder's day. We had eight graduates in the Biblical department, five being full term. Last week was a trying week to me, being afflicted. I preached (with some difficulty) this morning in McKendree, on 1 Corinthians xiv. 34, 35, against woman's preaching. It created some talk.

Sunday, August 14.—My trials break my heart. But my afflictions drive me nearer to God. I cast my anxiety upon him—he is concerned for me. I came out yesterday to the Hospital for the Insane, where I preached this afternoon, on 1 Peter v. 7; in the morning at Arlington, close by, on Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 6. My wife and I spent a day and two nights pleasantly with Dr. and Mrs. Callender at the hospital.

Tuesday, October 11.—This day I am sixty-nine. My grandmother, Ann Cull, died at this age. I have premonitions. But I am content to live or die. It is a great thing to live forever. “Forever with the Lord!”

Sunday, December 4.—On Tuesday, November 29, riding in a buggy from Calera to Mr. Watkins's, in Chilton county, Alabama, with Walter Oliver, son of Dr. C. D. Oliver, the king-bolt snapped, the horse went off with the fore-wheels, and I was thrown head foremost on the high-

way, and should probably have been killed had it not been in the sand. I was stunned, my left eye and nose and left ribs were hurt, and one glass of my spectacles broken, but no bone! Henry Oliver took me in his buggy to Mr. Watkins's, where I spent the night. The next morning—November 30—I married Walter to Miss Mollie Walker. This detained me so that I did not reach Selma, where the Alabama Conference met, till sunset, thus missing the first session. I am comfortably quartered at S. W. Johns's. On Friday, delegates to General Conference were elected. I received a large vote, and led the ticket on the first ballot.

Sunday, January 1, 1882.—Yesterday we had our New-year festival at Wesley Hall. It was a grand occasion. Sentiments in rhyme were offered by myself as Dean (Chorus), and the Bishop, Chancellor, and others responded, after a sumptuous dinner. Bishop McTyeire and Dr. Granbery made suitable and impressive remarks, followed by the Covenant Hymn and prayer, by Dr. Granbery, and the New-year's Ode. Then came mutual congratulations, and so began the new year. May it be an improvement on the past! Dr. Wilson preached in Vanderbilt Chapel this afternoon.

Sunday, February 19.—This afternoon, by appointment of the Bishop and Faculty, I delivered a memorial discourse in Vanderbilt Chapel, on the death of my dear friend Bishop Wightman. It will appear in the *Review*.

Sunday, February 26.—I preached this morning at Woodbine, on John xiv. 2; and then took Dr. Crook, of

Ireland, home with me from Elm Street, where he preached. He preached an excellent sermon in the Chapel in the afternoon. He and Dr. McCutcheon are in the United States collecting money for the Irish home missions. We helped them.

Sunday, April 9.—I preached, by special request of Dr. Young, at West End Church, an Easter sermon, on Mark xvi. 9. I took that text partly because it is obelized by the Romanists and others, when it is as sound as a dollar; and partly because it gave me an opportunity of restating the dogma of the resurrection in opposition to the mythical and other theories.

Sunday, April 23.—I am suffering from atony. I took two hot Russian baths last week. I am very feeble. But I pray God to restore my strength, and support my tottering clay a little longer, for the sake of the Church and my family; otherwise I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. My old friend L. M. Lee, D.D., has just died, four or five years my senior. I shall go soon.

CHAPTER XXIV. WEARY AND HOMESICK.

THE pathos of his last days was most touching. The immense vitality of the man was going rapidly. The spur of duty and the power of life-long habit kept him in motion, but it was plain that he was failing. His step became feebler and still feebler from week to week, and his frame grew thinner. A peculiar pallor was visible in his face. The sonorous voice dwindled, and the bluff, aggressive manner was subdued into a strange sort of quiet “He won’t live long,” was a remark often made when he had left a group of friends. There was an inexpressible solemn tenderness about him at times. Coming into my office, which adjoined his own, he would take my hand and hold it silently while unfallen tears stood in his eyes.

“Fitzgerald, do you love me?” he demanded one day, taking my hand.

I made the reply that was in my heart, when

he exclaimed: "Then, why do n't you tell me so? Tell me so a dozen times a day!" he continued with intense energy.

Such interviews became frequent, and the shadow of the swift-coming end gave them a peculiar sacredness. He had unmistakable premonition that his time was short.

Dr. Summers's longing for rest and heaven was inexpressible. "Why could I not go too?" he asked when the news of the death of Bishop Wightman reached him. It was his one theme in the pulpit. He went to the First Baptist Church in East Nashville one Sunday morning. He ascended the pulpit steps feebly, read, sung, and prayed of heaven; and then, leaning on the desk before him, he discoursed of the city of God in a way that melted every heart. "We all cried," said a Baptist lady, "and felt an indescribable awe as the old Doctor stood there before us looking so pale and so feeble, and talked so sweetly and longingly of heaven." At a communion service one Sunday morning at the West End Methodist Church the subject of the sermon led the

preacher to speak of the perfection of the glorified bodies and spirits of the redeemed. Dr. Summers sat behind him in the pulpit, and the theme exalted him into a sort of ecstasy. He preceded the administration of the sacred ordinance with an exhortation that thrilled us all. Exulting in a redemption that embraced both soul and body, his face wore a rapt and joyous look, and his voice rang out like the shout of a victor. The venerable Chancellor Garland, Bishop McTyeire, Dr. Shipp, Dr. Young, Dr. (afterward Bishop) Granbery, were all present on the occasion, and that hallowed day will not be forgotten by any of them.

“Let us talk about heaven,” he would say in the little intervals snatched from work; and then his voice would take a subdued tone and his pallid face would brighten as he spoke of the things prepared by our Lord for them that love him. At such times I felt that I inhaled the odors of paradise and caught the echoes of its songs. He was homesick for heaven, and as he drew nearer to its gate-way his eagerness became absorbing. At McKendree Church he

preached on the resurrection—always a favorite theme with him—and it was noticed that there was less of the polemic and more of the pathetic element than was usual with him on such occasions. All that is precious to Christian hope in connection with this glorious fact was wonderfully real to him. It was evident that no doubt cast the least shadow upon his believing soul, and he kindled into irrepressible rapture when he thought and spoke of personal participation in the blessed realities that he felt to be so near at hand.

One day, sinking panting into a chair after climbing the stair-way leading up to my office in the Publishing House, he said, “I wish I was in heaven!”

“No, Doctor, we need you here awhile longer,” I said, taking his proffered hand.

He sat by me silent some moments, and then spoke as if to himself: “My tasks are about finished, and I know it. I have had constant joy in my work, but my joy now is in the thought of rest—rest—rest!”

The weight of a great solicitude for one near

and dear to him had long pressed upon his heart. He had prayed and wept and agonized in spirit. Now he had been able by a mighty faith to cast his burden on Jesus—having found it too heavy for his own strength—and he longed to go up and be forever with the Lord. The song that was so often on the lips of Bishop Marvin was in his heart:

O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me,
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory!

CHAPTER XXV.

HIS SORROWS—THE MYSTERY.

THE shadow of orphanage was upon his life at the start. The shadow of pain or of sorrow was on his path all along. Exuberant in vitality as he was, he was not exempted from the operation of the inevitable and universal law of suffering. The under-tone of sorrow that mingled with his earliest boyish shouts never wholly ceased until that morning when the many-stringed harp was broken to be restrung and retuned in a brighter and happier sphere than this.

We have seen how this man, by a subtle instinct, knew the heart of sorrow, and found his way where it was bleeding and breaking. We have seen how when the dead were to be buried and the mourner to be comforted his presence was always welcome. There was no jar in the tones of his voice on such occasions, because it had been tuned to the same sad key with that of the mourner. He had gone down

into the same black depths, and out of the darkness had lifted his cry to God. The crash of sudden calamity had laid him prostrate and quivering at the feet of the Father in heaven, whose ways are past finding out, and whose love to his children does not save them from the bitterness of Gethsemane and the agony of Calvary. When the sky seemed clear his hopes were shivered in a moment by a lightning-stroke. And he had to lie down and die at last of a broken heart, with the intercessory prayer of his life unanswered.

The mystery of it all who can fathom? The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth—yea, he scourgeth such as he receiveth into closest fellowship. The vicarious element in the sufferings of holy men and women may not be comprehended by us until we shall ascend to the sphere where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly. There will then be disclosures that will bring glad surprises to many souls that still trusted and clung to God when the heart-strings were cracking under the strain of unspeakable anguish. There are hints—only

hints, but luminous and uplifting—of a law of compensation operating at this point that will make all eternity a joy to those who have borne the heaviest crosses here. They will share in a special sense the joy, as they had shared in a special sense the agony, of their Lord. Clouds and darkness envelop the plan and method of the almighty and all-gracious God. But behind the clouds his face is always shining with unchanging glory. We wait for the day when the veil shall be lifted and we shall see him as he is. Then we shall be satisfied. Satisfied? That is a great word, far beyond our present comprehension. O Father, we will trust and wait!

To Dr. Summers and his wife four children were born—one son and three daughters. The daughters all died early—all suddenly, and two of them tragically. The eldest, Sarah Havelland, named for the beloved aunt whose brief memorial is to be found in the earlier pages of this book, was a brilliant and loving child, filling the home with music and sunshine. She was a precocious girl, having

learned to read and write when she was but a little more than three years old. A charming and touching picture is given of the bright-eyed, high-browed child when five or six years old sitting with her father in the library reading "copy" for him while he was reading proof. She was a sweet singer, and filled the house with the melody of her songs. Such precocity is always perilous—the flame that burns with such intensity usually burns out quickly. The mental and spiritual forces within are too strong for the outward frame, and so it often happens that at the first rude attack of disease the frail walls crumble and the soul breaks its way to the world of spirits. So when the finely organized girl, whose brain-development so far outstripped the physical, was stricken with sickness, it was soon apparent that she must die. "She was a child of song," said her father; "and though not able to *sing herself* away, when the time of her departure came, she caused the fatal night to be nearly taken up in the singing of Mr. Wesley's seraphic hymns, by the Christian friends that were

around her bed." And so she closed her eyes for a moment to open them again in paradise; and while yet the voice of holy song lingered in the chamber where the little sufferer died, her spirit caught the music of heaven as she passed through the gates into the city of God.

The other two daughters—Clara Watkins and Virginia Hannah—were of the same attractive type, though differing in individuality. The former was drowned by accidentally falling into a reservoir in Nashville, at the age of eleven. "A precious child," says her mother; "we used to call her our poetess. Sallie could sing so sweetly. Clara would try so hard to sing, and then would look into her father's face, and ask, 'Is it like my sister?' We still had Tommie and my baby, our third daughter, Virginia, born in Charleston after Sallie's death. She looked very much like her, and was a sunbeam in our household. Our hearts clung to this frail little flower. I begged God to spare this one—but no; he saw fit to take her too—O how tragically! She was eleven when she died. This dear little girl was killed by fall-

ing from a pony while riding for amusement with her playmates in Tuscaloosa." In the notes from which these sad words are taken as they poured forth from a broken-hearted mother, these words are added: "I think, Doctor, you know enough of my husband to realize what his home-life must have been—so beautiful. He enjoyed his children, and they worshiped him."

The shock, the heart-sickness, the agony that was felt when these children died—their childish prattle suddenly hushed, and the patter of the dear feet to be heard no more—may be known only to such as have tasted the same bitter, bitter cup.

Did we call it a bitter cup? So it was, but it was not the bitterest. The bitterest grief is not for the innocent or holy dead—not for the children who are snatched suddenly from our arms or pass gently and slowly into the skies. No, not for these are shed the tears of bitterest grief, but for the living who get tangled in life's labyrinth and lose their way; for the living who in life's battle cast away the shield of faith

and lose the fight; for the living who live on through the darkening years, receding and still receding farther from light and hope until, by contrast, death in childhood would seem the richest boon the hand of Heavenly Mercy could bestow.

The undoubting, *realizing* faith of Dr. Summers was of unspeakable comfort to him in these sorrowful experiences. His home was lonely, and his heart yearned for the clasp of the little arms and the music of the little voices gone. On the return of every anniversary of their death his diary made mention of them. "To-day Clara, had she lived, would have been twenty years old—how old is she in heaven?" he wrote fourteen years after the child had been buried. His annual Easter sermon on the resurrection of the dead caught its under-tone from his memories of the dead, and its glow from the unclouded hope that he would see them again. That expectation has been fulfilled. Who can picture the meeting?

Why good men should thus suffer, and that

the best should often seem to suffer most in this life, is the old question not to be fully answered now. Suffering in such cases seems to be measured by the capacity of the sufferers.

The sign of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain;
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain.

Every nerve seems to be strung for bodily torture; every quivering heart-string is bruised and torn by mental anguish. We cannot help asking, Why is it so? We see thus far even now: Under this discipline the soul takes on a new feature of Christ-likeness to be attained in no other way, and it is seen that a human heart may break and yet not lose its hold on Christ. It is the culmination of grace, finding its only adequate expression in the sublime affirmation of the peeled, broken, yet unyielding old Emir: "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*"

This is the whole—a mystery unsolved, and a faith that never failed. Immortality will unfold the rest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GOAL REACHED.

“ **W**HERE is Dr. Summers?” was the inquiry from many lips when it was noticed that he was not in his usual place at the afternoon service in the chapel of Vanderbilt University one Sunday afternoon. He was too sick to come. A thrill of tender emotion was felt by all, for they knew that great indeed must be the disability that kept him away. The sense that something was lacking was oppressive—the familiar voice, the benignant face, the inevitable exhortation, had been for years the accompaniment of almost every service there. The students had sometimes felt willing to dispense with the exhortation after some voluminous visitor had kept them listening too long to an ambitious string of platitudes, but now they missed the fatherly presence and loving words. He had been so long the master of religious ceremonies, and had so worthily magnified his office, that it seemed to be out

of order to proceed when he was not in his usual place.

He still lectured to his classes, but he had to be helped to and from his lecture-room. Leaning upon the willing arms of a theologue on either side, he would wearily mount the steps of Wesley Hall, and after delivering his lecture would have almost to be lifted and carried back to his house to lie down panting and exhausted by the effort.

He was still editing the *Quarterly Review*, and his literary activity seemed to increase as his bodily strength failed. He crowded the printers with "copy" of his own production, and astonished his readers by the quantity, excellence, and variety of his contributions. The truth probably is that, having a solemn premonition that his time was short, he hastened to print his long-matured views upon questions of special interest to him. The Atonement, the Resurrection, Sanctification, the Unity of the Human Race, all passed under review, and elicited clear, strong, outspoken expression from him. It was a little amusing to notice

the intensity of his feeling with regard to some of the minor questions that were being discussed in the religious world. If, in one or two instances, his vehemence was in the inverse ratio to the importance of the matters under consideration, it was owing to the fact that they were thrust directly upon his attention. It was noticed that there was unusual intensity in all his controversial utterances just at this time. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the excitability resulting from the state of his health. His nerve-centers were rapidly breaking down, and any emotion, whether agreeable or otherwise, mastered him. This was pleasantly yet pathetically illustrated at one of the religious services in the University Chapel not long before the time of which we are now speaking. A sermon had been preached by a visitor on the fulfillment of the promise of the Pentecost. The theme stirred him mightily, and in closing the service he exhorted with startling energy and eloquence. "The whole Trinity is mine!" he exclaimed with rapture, pacing the

platform with glowing face; “the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are mine! The blessings of creation, preservation, and redemption are mine! All the promises of the Pentecost are mine! Grace and glory are mine!” And so he went on with increasing intensity. The Pentecostal afflatus was upon him. His cherished friend, the venerable Chancellor Garland, sat and listened with sympathetic religious joy, but saddened with the assurance that the flame burning so brightly was so soon to be quenched. The wave of exultant joy on which he was uplifted rolled over the audience; a devout old English Methodist near the chancel “Amened” with unreserved emphasis; and for a little while the Vanderbilt University Chapel was like an old-time camp-meeting in the hills. The resident Bishop, the learned and dignified Professors, the students in theology, science, law, and letters, and the whole auditory of Christian worshipers, sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. This was perhaps the last time Dr. Summers closed a service at the University Chapel. The baptism that fell on

him was preparatory to the higher things that were waiting for him beyond.

The General Conference met. Rallying all his strength, he appeared in his place as a delegate from his well-beloved Alabama Conference, being at the head of the delegation. He was reelected to the office of Secretary by acclamation, though it was plain enough that other hands must do the work. When he took his seat at the desk, a thrill of surprise and sorrow pervaded the body. The shrunken form, the lusterless eyes, the shriveled features, the ghastly hue of the face, shocked them. Was this the quick, energetic, extra-vital, strong-voiced, perpetually-moving Dr. Summers? There was a choking sensation in the throats of many of his old friends at that apparition. But, like an old war-horse at the sound of the bugle, he seemed to gather strength from the inspiration of the occasion, and entered upon his secretarial duties with a vigor that was astonishing to those who knew his real condition. He passed through the first day of the session with success, having the ready and loving as-

sistance of Drs. Martin, Vincil, and Leftwich. He was at his post the second day with eye and ear attent to all that transpired. About eleven o'clock A.M., as he sat at the table, a strange look came into his eyes, and his countenance changed. He rose with difficulty and retired to the little ante-room in the rear of the rostrum. In a few moments I followed him, feeling anxious about him. He was lying on a lounge that had been placed in the room, and seemed to be a dying man—as indeed he was. Literally he fell at his post, as he fondly wished to do. As he lay there panting for breath, there was something about him that struck me with a sort of awe. His eyes had that look of seeing Something Beyond, and there was an illumination in his face. He turned as I entered the room, and said: “Come, get down here by me, and let us talk of heaven.”

I knelt by him. Putting his hand in mine, he began a monologue on heaven. His words were strangely beautiful and thrilling. His eyes were looking upward, and the light on his face was reflected from the heaven of which he

spoke. God was present, and his faithful servant was receiving his baptism from above for the final hour so near at hand. The season was holy, and its memory will be sweet until I meet my dear and honored friend where faith is lost in sight. When he had finished, he said: "If you write my life, put that in."

Ah! if I only could reproduce those last words as they fell from his pallid lips, many a heart would be quickened in its longings for the home of the soul in the city of God.

That was the death-stroke, and yet it was hard to believe it. Dr. D. C. Kelley, who had noticed the change that had come upon him, took him home in a buggy, supporting the almost insensible sufferer in his arms. He was lifted from the vehicle and carried upstairs to his bed-chamber. The doctors came and felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and conferred with grave faces. They saw that the end was near. He knew it too, and was glad. I went out to see him on the afternoon of next day. He was very weak, and sinking. His wife sat weeping by the bedside, Chancellor Garland,

Judge P. G. Wood, of Florence, Alabama, and others, were present. He greeted me with a smile, and held my hand in a prolonged clasp. Mrs. Summers requested me to pray with him. Bending over him, I said: "Doctor, do you wish me to pray with you? and have you strength to join in the prayer?"

"Of course I do—of course I can!" he said with no little of his peculiar heartiness of tone and manner. He was perfectly lucid, and his sinking energies rallied at the call to prayer.

We knelt by his bedside and prayed. His voice was heard at first in fervent responses to the petitions that went up to God from that circle whose souls and bodies were bowed around his couch. Then all was silent save the voice that led in prayer and the smothered sobs of the grief-stricken wife. When we arose, he was lying on his side, his eyes closed, with an expression of serene peace on his face. That prayer was his last conscious act on earth. He never opened his eyes again in this world. About nine o'clock, as he thus lay unconscious, the songs of the young men at Wesley Hall

came floating into the chamber on the night-air--the songs of Zion he loved so well. He stirred and half lifted his hands, and whispered the words, "Faith, faith, faith!" Those words were the very last—he spoke no more. All night long we sat and watched with him—his wife, his son, Mrs. Humphrey, his physicians, Dr. Kelley, Judge Wood, and myself. The pulse beat faster and faster, but weaker and weaker—life was going out with the darkness. There was no conscious suffering, as the doctors kindly told us, but the tragedy of death was there—the groans, the tossings, the labored breathing, the heaving chest, the glazing eye—the breaking up of the tabernacle in which dwelt a great soul. The day dawned, the light streamed in through the window that opened to the south, the birds began to sing their morning songs. A sudden change came over the dying man—the form straightened upon the bed, the hands crossed themselves upon the breast, the features sunk into an expression of perfect repose—we fell on our knees, saying: "Lord Jesus, receive the parting spirit! Lord

Jesus, bless the living!"—and all was over. Dr. Summers was dead. The birds kept up their song in the branches of the maples and elms outside.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MAN.

THE life-work of Dr. Summers has been outlined in some sort in these pages. The personality of the man has been incidentally exhibited, and the peculiar flavor of his individuality indicated. The pen-picture corresponding to the original would be that of a medium-sized man, about five feet seven inches high, straight, full-chested, square-shouldered; walking with a quick, vigorous gait, head thrown back, a look of inquiry and self-assertion, with a lurking humor in the grayish-blue eyes behind his spectacles; small, perfectly formed hands and feet; the sub-pallid complexion so common among scholarly men; features every one of which seemed to speak when animated, but wearing a thoughtful and rather sad expression in repose; a mouth that had in it at once the dogmatic challenge and the friendly overture; a chin needing the iron-gray whiskers covering it to give it a positiveness suited to

the general expression of the face; a Grecian nose; eyebrows not heavy, and but slightly arched; a head whose contour and lofty dome were worthy of the strong and active brain within; thin, gray hair, of singularly fine texture—the whole look and tone making the impression that here is a man who has thought, suffered, and prayed much, and labored hard, and who had come forth from his vigils, griefs, and toils chastened, sweet-souled, and strong. This is the image left by him when he had developed to his full intellectual and spiritual stature, and before the days of weakness and pain had come to him as he stood amid the shadows before the breaking of the day.

He had a marvelous memory, but it would be a gross misjudgment to affirm that this was his richest gift. Other men have had prodigious memories with no benefit resulting to themselves or to the world. Dr. Summers used his memory to good purpose; he hunted for jewels rather than rubbish to commit to its keeping. He coveted the best gifts in the acquisition of knowledge, even the knowledge of

God and of his way of salvation for mankind. To the lofty and sacred uses of the ministry of the gospel he consecrated this faculty with which he was so richly endowed.

Few men in the history of the Church have equaled him in soundness of judgment. He knew when and how to employ the treasures stored in his mind. There might be a semblance of pedantry to the ordinary hearer or reader, but there was no trace of perversity or stupidity in the use made by him of his learning. His judgments as well as his facts could be trusted. He had great respect for recognized authorities, and was a genuine conservative in the good sense of that much-abused word; but he weighed every thing in the balances of his own mind. He kept the middle current of common sense so uniformly that he was regarded by the whole Methodist world as a safe and trusted guardian, exponent, and defender of Wesleyan theology, and enjoyed the respect of the best men of other Communions.

The criticism has been made, not unkindly, that he originated nothing as a theological

teacher and author. This is certainly true. No one would have more readily conceded the fact than himself. He felt that he had no function as an inventor or revamper of theology—he made no effort in that direction. When he settled a question, it staid settled for him, and was no longer open for doubt or debate in his own mind. He followed the well-trodden path, believing that it was the right one. As a guide to others he thought it better to lead where the way-marks were plain, and where others had traveled securely and reached the goal, than to seek the reputation of a path-finder at the risk of losing his way and leading others astray. To him the Bible was an inspired book all through, and the interpretation given it by the standards of Wesleyan Methodism were satisfactory and conclusive. He was no Jack-with-a-lantern flashing a fitful light among the marshes of speculative theology and loose Biblical construction, but a light-house on a stormy coast to warn the navigator of the troubled sea of modern religious thought of the rocks and reefs of error and show the

entrance to the quiet harbor of orthodoxy. We may call him a little narrow if we choose to do so, but that would not disturb him were he with us still. He did not profess or wish to be broader than the standards of his Church. He looked upon theology as an explicit revelation adapted to the comprehension and demanding the acceptance of the masses of mankind rather than as a progressive science. His conservatism was not another name for timidity—no man was bolder in the maintenance of the truth as he felt it to be binding on his judgment and conscience. He was not an explorer—he was a guide, stout-hearted, clear-sighted, sure-footed.

He was a thoroughly consecrated man. His eye was single. From the day he gave himself to the work of the Christian ministry there was no deflection from the straight line of continuous and unstinted service. There was no waste of energy or loss of time in making money, pursuit of mere literary fame, or in any secular or semi-secular engagements. His vocation as a minister of the gospel filled the

measure of his aspiration and called forth all the powers and enthusiasm of his nature. He looked right onward as he moved forward in his chosen path, casting no lingering, half-regretful glances backward upon the things he had renounced in taking upon himself the sacred vows of his high calling. This unre-served consecration of his life and concentra-tion of his powers to one work was an element of the true greatness of the man, and a condi-tion of his success worthy of special consid-eration by many who will read these pages.

He was a holy man. He prayed much in secret, and carried with him everywhere that unmistakable aroma of true sanctity character-istic of all persons who are often in commun-ion with God. He was pure-minded, and pure in speech. The man is not living who ever heard him utter an unclean expression or one bordering on profanity. Back of the badinage in which he often indulged with intimate friends there was the Christian temper that dominated in all he said and did. So con-stantly was he tuned for devotion and Chris-

tian work that all who knew him felt intuitively that he was at all times ready for religious sympathy, counsel, or service. His lamp was kept trimmed and burning. He held in theory to the strong views of Wesley and Fletcher concerning Christian holiness, and he dared not live below his belief.

His friendships were ardent. The first impression made by him upon strangers was usually unfavorable. His manner repelled, but it took not long to see the man as he was. By the operation of the law of reaction he was perhaps assigned a higher place because of the first misjudgment. A liking for Dr. Summers with some was like the taste of some persons for olives—an acquired taste, but most decided and lasting. He was a good man and a true man, and the good and true recognized in him the qualities which bind all such in the bonds of a sacred and indissoluble fellowship. In Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Texas, and Tennessee, he formed personal friendships that were most hallowed, tender, and lasting; and by his contact with the Church

as a preacher and writer he drew to him a still wider circle that loved the man as fully as they trusted the theologian.

Measured by all right standards—by the vastness of his mental acquisitions, the ability and abundance of his labors as a preacher, the quantity and quality of his writings, the immense work done by him in the editing and revision of books and periodicals, his service in behalf of Christian education, the powerful religious influence that was like a continual emanation from his strong and aggressive, glowing personality—Dr. Summers was worthy of the high place he held in the love and admiration of his contemporaries; and if he does not hold a place among the men of this generation whom posterity will delight to honor, the cause may be found in the short-comings of his biographer rather than the merits of the subject.

The funeral of Dr. Summers was such as he would have chosen. He loved the Church, and he loved all Christian people; and he prized the reciprocal affection accorded to him. All

was ordered as he would have chosen. The day was bright and fair; the whole Church, through its Connectional officers and representatives in the General Conference, was present; a vast sorrowing concourse crowded and overflowed the spacious Chapel, grief pictured in every face, and many eyes wet with tears. The Chapel was draped in mourning, and a profusion of flowers, the offerings of Christian affection, were laid upon the bier—among the rest a floral anchor of exquisite beauty and large proportions from the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Nashville, whose pulpit he had so often served, and by whom he was greatly beloved.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Bishop J. C. Keener. It was worthy of the occasion. It fittingly concludes these pages. The discriminating reader will not fail to see its happy correlation with that of Dr. Summers on the resurrection of our Lord, on page 215. The Resurrection—The Ascension: this is the glad consummation.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

(Discourse by Bishop J. C. Keener, at the Funeral of Dr. T. O. Summers, delivered in the Chapel of Vanderbilt University, on Sunday afternoon, May 7, 1882.)

“And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.” Luke xxiv. 50-53.

MY BRETHREN: I come this day to bury a good man; to place on his bier a tribute of affection woven by your hands—in honor of one whom we have all known and loved; a man by nature of buoyant spirit, of sprightly mind, and of wondrous capacity for continuous mental application; who, in his early manhood was converted, and set apart by the Holy Ghost to the work of the ministry; upon whom, while engaged in this work, the providence of God laid many heart-breaking sorrows; who, under their severest pressure, was supplied with sustaining grace, and with increasing measures of the divine love, until his nature, cast and recast, at length glowed with the luster of his Lord, when, on yesterday, he was translated to that assembly

Where every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

In the language of the great Wesleyan theologian: “The

sacred graces of our Lord's dying experience must be reflected in the dying of his saints. All death is a martyrdom by which the servants of Christ testify of redemption. Death is the last earthly oblation of the sinless spirit, for there is no grace of Christian life that is not made perfect in death. It is a departure to be with Christ, the entering a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and the attainment of an almost consummate state in the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven. The disembodied spirits follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and all who die in the Lord are united to him in his glorified incarnate nature, and his heavenly body is their home."

The world hides the ghastly depth of the grave by the memories of the past, but Christians rather by the bright hope of the future. The pall of death changes into a mantle of light under the eye of faith, as the humble garments of our Lord became in the atmosphere of the holy mount a vesture of divine glory. So do our minds now seek to contemplate our dear friend in his present state, and we turn to the sacred word to learn what is the experience of our humanity after death as rendered in the experience of our Lord.

He who was the fullness of the Godhead bodily was also the fullness of our manhood. As Adam was the source and body of our nature, of its freedom, its vitality existent, and of all its human possibilities, so Christ contained the sum of all the quickening power which belongs to the sons of

God. We therefore invite your prayerful attention to a passage which describes the consummation of the life of our Lord upon earth, and which is the highest expression of our own immortality: "And it came to pass, that while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

It was the expressed wish of the deceased, as announced on yesterday in the General Conference, that he might, if it pleased the Lord, go home on the day commemorative of the ascension. It was but one of many instances in which the faith of the dying saint discerns the body of his Lord in a new glory, and follows it in its upward flight until it enters the celestial city. All the formulas of immortality upon which the believer habitually dwells find in this action of Christ their brightest expression. As the eye dims in death, the spiritual apprehension strengthens to a more perfect realization of the invisible. And how gracious is our God, in having provided for the death-chamber a scenic statement of life and immortality in the radiant glories of the transfiguration and in the serene light of the ascension!

In pursuing this theme, we consider,

I. *The fact of the ascension*—that He was "carried up into heaven."

The taking a human body up into heaven would imply that some greater benefit is intended for man than can be expressed in words.

When the Son of God came into the world, we are not surprised that he should have assumed a body for the pur-

pose of communicating with men; but we do not see that any such necessity existed upon his return to heaven.

That he retains the human form and body indicates new and higher purposes of use for it. It may now express to us the nature of heaven as no language by itself could possibly do.

A body that ascends or descends implies a place, and not simply a state, as would mere spirit. Its surroundings must also needs be substantial. If a frame-work of bones and flesh, a temple of spiritual life, can ascend, it may also pass chalcedony and sapphire; it may surpass ranges of angelic being, until it at last rests among the "things which are at the right-hand of God." We are not surprised any longer that thrones and elders and harps are immediately about the Majesty in the heavens, nor that there are inlets of the river of life visible, fringed with trees of perpetual bloom. All that has been written by inspired pens does not so distinctly render to our minds the realities of that land afar off as does the body of our ascended Lord. So long as it was merely a risen body, it affected earth; but as an ascended body, it affects heaven. It gives substance to it—character and expression. It is that much of earth—immortal earth—projected into heaven.

That which has been thirty-three years in earth, which was "framed in the lowest parts of the earth," must needs have an earthly quality. And the mind now dwells minutely upon this manhood of our Lord, to see if it be ours, if "we are members of his body, of his bone, and of his

flesh." For by just that much does his presence in glory demonstrate the strength of our hope. His God is our God, his Father ours, and his heaven ours.

It was his risen body that ascended; yet that body never at any time appeared glorious, though once before the resurrection he was transfigured and became incandescent with divine light. And now we are more concerned with the sobriety of the expression than with the splendor of the risen body. We want to know that it is a veritable body; after that we are easily satisfied. Like Thomas, we wish to touch it and find substance; to look at it, to examine it, and see the scars of its hands and side. And this we are permitted to do; to "handle" those hands, and see those prints of love which will mark them forever. "See," said the Lord, "that I have bones, and am not merely spirit; feel, and believe." They stood around him examining his body—the last touch of it that was ever to be made by human hand. "Now," said he, "see me eat;" and they gave him fish and a piece of honey-comb, and "he ate it before them."

The various phases of this Form, from which all death was now eliminated, show new powers of expression and singular freedom from all the usual limitations of matter, yet retain all the while a firm outline, and cannot be dissipated into those of mere spirit. Under the will of the Saviour, it took on the expression of a gardener, of a traveler, of the Master among the nets and boats of Galilee, of a Redeemer just from the cross, mighty in battle, with the blows of the

lictor and the scars of the Roman execution still upon him; and also of universal Lordship upon the mountain. And it was never more a body than when by appointment he walked out from Jerusalem to Olivet, in the direction of Bethany, in company with his disciples, with the purpose of ascending up where he was before. The talk by the way of his kingdom; the exhortation to his chosen ones to reach out for universal empire; to wait for the promise of the Father which he would send upon them so soon as he had come into position; the minuter direction to start abroad, beginning at Jerusalem and Samaria, to go forth to the ends of the earth—these parting counsels, so grandly like himself, prevented their attention to those persons whom they met coming in to the city; or to the dust of that *via sacra* which was presently to be a part of the highway by which men go to heaven. They only noticed that all at once he was moved from them a little space in advance, and seemed a little higher, and that he was in the act of blessing them. Now, slowly, as if gravitation had barely turned the other way, he moves upward! they hear his words, they see his face and his hands; there is not a fleck of mist upon the air—he only seems lighter than earth, and by his own will, without chariot or steed or angel, he goes up, gaining steadily upon the clear body of the sky, when presently a cloud, before unseen, suddenly intervenes and shuts him out from their sight! They see where he has disappeared, and still gaze intently at the place, when a voice calls them back to earth. It was the voice of two

men clothed in white apparel: “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.” The Spirit fills them with joy unutterable, the wonder of his ascent still entrances all the powers of their being. They are in the temple day and night praising God.

It was this last act that gave the highest dignity to the human body, and included all its other powers and dignities. By this one movement it reached out toward all the possessions of heaven, as if made for purposes there rather than here. It was a positive assertion of life which was more than a successful resistance of death.

After the resurrection the Saviour remained on the earth for forty days, that he might by the achievements of his body convey adequately to the Church that which could only be comprehended after the event of his death and resurrection: the true conception of immortality; the sacred value of his body as an offering for the sins of the world; his power over not only the grave, but over all wickedness in high places—over him that had the power of death; the true idea of his ubiquity, and of his providence toward his Church to the end of the world. To this he now adds the highest expression or universal Lordship in the ascension to heaven of his body. By this act he places the body side by side with the spirit, in the last statement of its quickened powers; and by it consummates all those processes of the incarnation, the crucifixion, and the resurrec-

tion by which his body has been shown worthy to be an eternal factor in the Divine Subsistence.

We consider,

II. *The glory of his ascent.*

Along with the identity, the incorruption, the spiritual nature, and the powers of the resurrection-body of our Lord, there seemed to be one other quality needed to constitute it the type of the spiritual body with which we are all to be raised—that of glory. Through all the action of the days between his coming out of the grave and his going up to heaven there was a marked absence of splendor. The angel of the resurrection looked like lightning, and for fear of him the keepers became as dead men, but the Lord himself looked like a gardener. There is every thing present we could ask for but this glory—his grace, his teaching, his voice, but nothing of the glory of the celestial Being that he was. And this sobriety of color is maintained to the very last instant, when he was about to ascend. Indeed, the splendor which belonged to this hour of his new nativity seems to have been separated from it, and to have been moved back, as was the sunlight on the dial, to an hour previous to the crucifixion. That that display belonged of right to the resurrection would seem to be indicated in the Master's charge to his three disciples, as they came down the mount, that they were not to speak of this scene of ineffable radiance until the Son of man should be risen again from the dead. The same restraint of magnificence is carried beyond the instant of the ascension, and continues un-

til “a cloud received him out of their sight.” That cloud was the shroud of his glory to men; but like the pillared cloud which was his martial cloak at Israel’s head for forty years, it had its bright side. The glory of his ascent could not be restrained after he entered fairly upon its prophetic fulfillment. Then “the chariots of God were twenty thousand, even thousands of angels.” The Lord was among this splendid retinue, as in Sinai, in the holy place. He ascends on high, he leads captivity captive—“a multitude of captives”—he “receives gifts for men.” In this august pomp he is announced, and enters the holy place “the Lord of hosts,” “the Lord, mighty in battle,” and ascends up into the “mountain of his holiness.” The might and glory of this exceeding great power of ascent is to be henceforth the measure of all power to usward who believe. An arc of billowy light springing from the sepulcher and resting on the throne marks the flight of his chariot—stretching far away in the sight of angels beyond the portals of heaven, above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, to a point where all things are under his feet.

In the height of this glory is a human body. The Son of man appears in heaven as the Son of God appeared on earth. The incarnation serves its sublime purpose there no less than here. The distinctness of its outline conveys to angels, if they think as we do, a yet higher conception of the Godhead, for they now see its fullness in the glorified body of the Son. And as he passes into the several ranges

of angelic life, he repeats the wonder of his incarnation; and when he passes out of that into a yet higher order of being, he repeats the glory of the ascension, and so moves from glory to glory, until thrones of sapphire, and heights of emerald, and seats of amethyst have been left behind in his ascent up to the plane of the throne of the Godhead. St. Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, gives this very movement of the Son of God, and names these terraces of angelic and seraphic being through which he moved.

We may not speculate upon the wonders of expression there were in the body of Christ to those vast hosts of holy angels which saw with anxiety the original departure of the Son when he put off his glory to enter upon the work of redemption. But their desire to solve this vast movement of the Godhead never abated from that instant until his return. They sought, as the holy prophets had sought before them, to "look into" his sufferings and into the glory which should follow. They now saw it with hushed rapture, as when the disciples looked into the wound in his side and examined the scar on his hand. The perfect sympathy of God with his creatures could no longer be questioned. This expression of his love, which satisfied God himself and satisfied men, now satisfies the angels. The justice which spared not an only-begotten Son, when he took the place of the sinner, could no longer be doubted as being absolutely essential to the maintenance of eternal law. And when they saw the redeemed, who, like Moses and Elias, with anticipated glory had entered the confines of heaven, the

first-fruits of his triumph; when they heard the pæans of those noble spirits who came out of great tribulation, as they rolled through the spacious music of the new song of Moses and of the Lamb; and when, lo! upon the sea of glass, in the midst of the four cherubim, and the four and twenty elders, and the seven lamps of the eternal Spirit, there stood He, as he had erewhile stood in Gabatha, they too burst forth, ten thousand times ten thousand of them, with voices and harps, in symphony with the redeemed: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing." And the universe swelled the chorus: "Unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

We have considered (1) the accomplished fact of the ascension, (2) the glory of the ascent; now we notice,

III. *The end of it*—in the ascended form of the Son of man, radiant with the full glory of the eternal Son, unveiled to heaven and earth, enthroned, the divine-human eternal Person, Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. We can conceive of no higher place in the universe than this where culminates the exaltation of our Lord. But in what section of his ascent this splendor of person burst forth from the King of glory we may not exactly determine. That part from the cloud to the entrance of the gates is revealed by David as one of vast movement, involving thousands of angels and of "released captives." The heads

of these columns must have been on this part of the line of his ascent, and fell in with c. reering pomp as of war-chariots in the royal progress. At the front of this retinue the King himself, as the Lord of hosts, approaches the celestial gates, which, after summons and challenge, are lifted for the sublime entrance of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Beyond this section is that part which transpires after passing through the gates into the city. This is revealed to us by St. Paul. He that ascended at first descended to the lowest place of the earth, and by so much he now ascends up far higher than to the mere heaven—"far above all heavens." The Father of glory raises him to his own right-hand up to the very head of all principality and power, and far above all.

It is only by the Revelation of St. John that we at last see the Son clad in the habiliments of Godhead—"who coverest thyself with light as with a garment." But this is at the end of his ascension. The Church waits for the sight which Thomas longed to see, the visible display of his person radiant with the divine luster of the Son, the glory which Moses saw, and that which the disciples saw when they were "eye-witnesses of his Majesty" in the holy mount. And it is only when this honor and glory again rest upon him as the "beloved Son" that the Church fully realizes that he is "the Lord of glory."

This reserve of splendor in the ascension holds the mind in expectation, and throws it forward to the heavenly places where it gathers such an ideal of the Son of God as it is

willing to rest in and continually reckon from. It was on the Lord's-day in dreary Patmos, when a great voice startling as a trumpet, calling from behind, said, "I am Alpha and Omega." The apostle instantly turned about and saw the vision of the mount of transfiguration repeated. The Son of man was in an abyss of light, his head and hair white as wool, his face shining as the sun, his eyes as flames, his feet as brass in the glow of a furnace. About him were golden candlesticks. When John saw him he fell as one dead, and heard the voice as before saying: "Fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead. What thou seest and hearest send to the Churches." Here Christ is in all the majesty of the Sonship. This vision is followed by one in which the throne of the Father is set—amid lightnings, thunderings, and voices; amid cherubim, elders, and angels. And from him the Lamb receives, amid universal acclaim of ten thousands of thousands, the book of the inheritance of the Church, the covenants of God, as the one representative of his race—the Root of David, the Lion of Judah.

Into this height it is not the body of man merely that has received such ineffable majesty, but our manhood itself. The race could not have been used for such lofty expression to the universe of intelligences without deriving therefrom the very highest benefit of divine favor. When humanity was taken up into the very expression of the Trinity, there must needs be an eternal good derived to it commensurately with this divine-human expression.

And far backward now does this splendor of the end of

the ascension throw its beams. Away back to the first garden and the first announcement of the Saviour; and afterward its star canopies the spot where the Babe lay; then in the night-shadows of Gethsemane its rays flash through those scarlet drops as they fall from the agony of the Divine Victim; it lights up the chamber at the head and at the foot where Joseph of Arimathea honorably laid to rest the body of his crucified Lord; it flashed upon the dew-covered flowers at the mouth of the sepulcher on the early morn when the Son of man came forth from it. It is this bearing of the Eternal Person of the Son, unveiled, upon "the Word made flesh which dwelt among us," that fills at once the heart, the intellect, and the imagination of every child of God with adoring gratitude, and an all-satisfying perception of the invisible Saviour. He it is that now pours out from his glorified presence the holy Comforter, as the administrator of his own kingdom of power and of love, upon the world and upon the Church which he has bought with his own blood. Whether we look backward or forward from those heights where he now sits, the splendor of his glorified Form reveals to us the riches of the glory of his love in the width of the inheritance which he has secured for us. Every resting-place of the ascent above he has taken possession of for us by the bare presence of his human form. He received at every altitude and ledge of supernal habitation gifts "for men," and in turn makes them possible "to men." From the highest place of Godhead he sends down a nobility upon earth which shall answer to

the hierarchies of heaven: the spiritual gifts which find their limitations in the creation of apostles, prophets, martyrs, evangelists, and pastors—the aristocracy which by and by are to be the habitation of God through the Spirit. It is at this height of divine realities that the Son will prepare for his people bodies like to his own, as were those of Moses and of Elijah. Here, as the Architect of the heaven of the redeemed, he prepares our “mansions” for us, and the “tabernacles” which Peter called for will at last be raised in all their Messianic beauty.

There is yet another reach which the Son of man gives to our conception of the divine love and mercy. The federal Head of our race is seated upon a throne of glory. From that throne he breathes his loving care for all the Churches. The cold, the zealous, the patient, the pure, the noble—all he tries to arm with his own mind. He braces them in that first hour of the Church’s trial with promise of crowns and palms and thrones and most secret fellowship with the Father and with his Son: “I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love.” O blessed Saviour, dost thou remember thy weak children in the midst of the throne? Is the love of one—is *my* love any thing now to thee? Thank God! he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, whether in the gloomy passes of death or in the heights of life! In his humiliation he loved me, in his exaltation he still loves me.

It was on this sublime pathway upon which our Saviour went that the spirit of our dear Summers went. “We are

quickened together with Christ, raised together with him, and seated together with him in the heavenly places." By some mysterious tie our spirits move in parallel lines with his body. His is a spiritual body; and along the same aisles we move, through the silent chamber, or penetrating the hard rock, or engineering the vast spaces outlying; his road emerges on the other side of the dark mountain and hangs over the broad river of life, and so does ours. He lives, and we shall live also. Our names are written in a book sprinkled with his blood. The goodly company who have been redeemed will be with him, and close pursue the Lamb in all those years which shall intervene between the hour when we part here and the one when we shall meet there. Blessed be his name forever and forever! Amen.

[The short sketch of Dr. Summers which appeared in print on the day of his funeral, and the tribute paid by the writer on the day previous in the General Conference-room, are not reproduced here, as being quite superfluous in a book devoted exclusively to the delineation of the life and character of the deceased—one written, as it is, by a loving and competent hand.]

THE END.

